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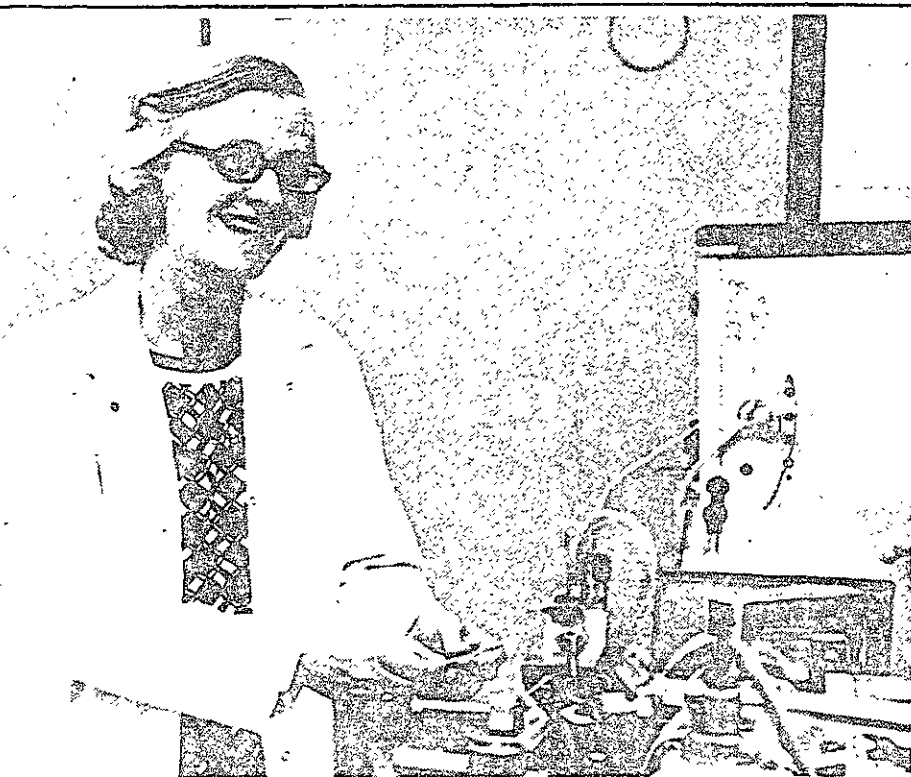


Photo by Roger Goldstein

Emily Wick to leave MIT

By Paul Schindler

Emily Wick, professor of food chemistry, former Associate Dean of Student Affairs, and friend to hundreds of MIT women, is leaving the Institute. On July 1, she will become a professor of chemistry and Dean of the Faculty at Mount Holyoke College (a position she describes as being "similar to the MIT Provost.").

The first formal announcement of the appointment occurred Tuesday evening and was made at Mount Holyoke because, according to Wick, "it was their announcement to make." She asked to be a candidate for the post last Christmas, but did not talk to anyone further about it until mid-February. Then, about six weeks ago, she decided to accept the position when it was offered to her.

Wick said that she would "never be able to say a total goodbye," to the Institute, because it has been "too much a part of me." She called her decision to leave MIT a "very difficult decision to make," adding that she would "never have sought to leave." But she compared the decision to that facing a person about to leave home; there comes a time for progress, for new experience and new challenge. She views the move with a combined feeling of "gladness and sadness." Wick expressed the hope that she would be able to return often, and noted that she will always feel a part of MIT.

Speaking of her new post, Wick said that it was the second ranking officer in charge of educational matters at the college. He will have responsibility for faculty development and curriculum planning, among other things. "I have an awful lot to learn," she said, but she noted that as an alumnae of the school she had maintained some personal ties, and that she knew about such superficial things as new buildings.

Wick called Mount Holyoke a very excellent school, and said he was "proud to be asked to

teach there." The school has been characterized as the "best of the seven sisters for science," by some. Wick would not confirm that, but did say that it has "always had a strong tilt towards science."

She hopes to teach eventually, but expects it will be a little while before she has time for that. She also doubted she would have any "real time for research."

When asked to look back at her work with women at MIT, Wick told *The Tech* that she had "never looked at it as counseling... it was more like mutual problem solving." Sometimes she would talk out her problems, she said, other times she would talk out those of the student. Many of the problems people brought to her were personal, some were academic, and most were a combination. "You can never divorce the personal

from the academic," she said.

Her new job will deal primarily with faculty and academic matters, but she said that she "can't imagine getting too far away from students."

Members of the administration were quick to praise Wick's work and express regret at her departure. Chancellor Paul Gray noted that "... all of us who have come to rely on her judgement and her integrity are saddened by our loss, and the Institute's loss, even as we rejoice with her as she takes on major responsibility for the intellectual development of Mount Holyoke College."

When she resigned from the position of Assistant Dean for Student Affairs in 1971, after six years of service, then-Dean Dan Nyhart said "more women students owe more to her than they will ever realize."

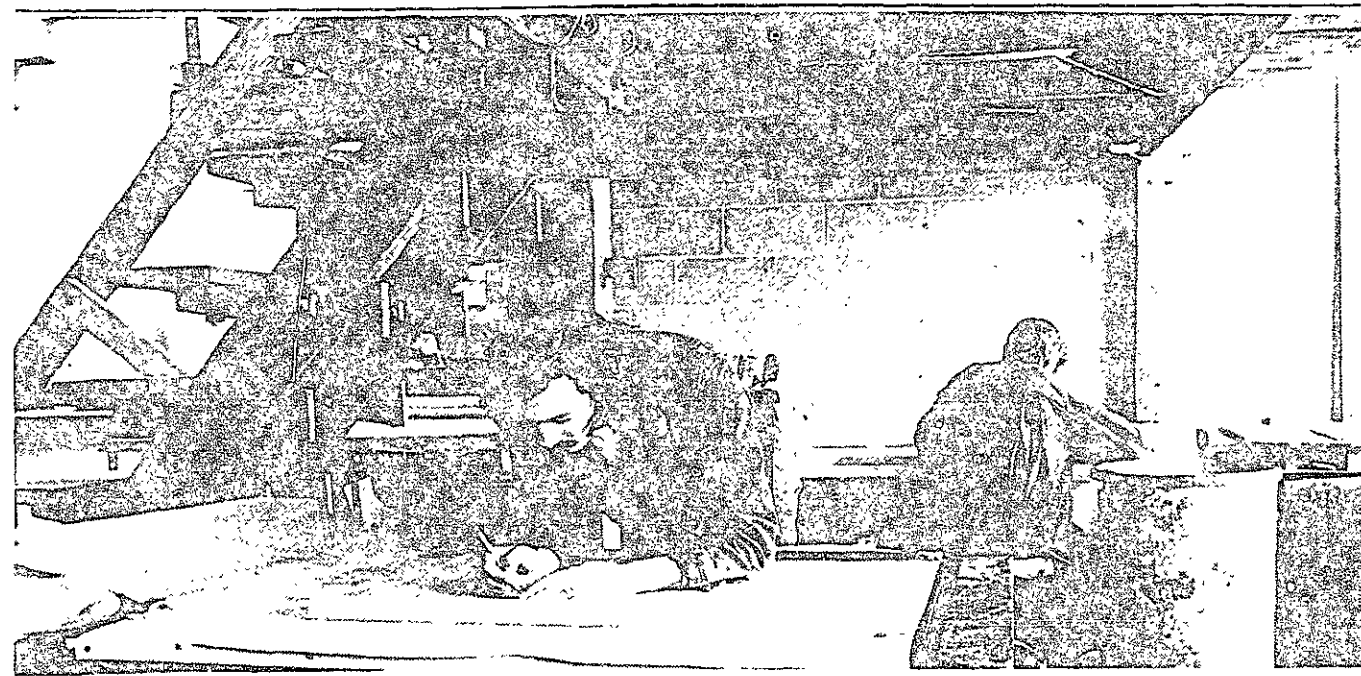


Photo by Roger Goldstein

Course IV: not just design

By David Olive and Richard Parker

MIT's unique Department of Architecture works with the premise that "our fundamental charge is education for change in the way that society makes and uses environments." This statement, more than anything, characterizes the independent aggressive approach utilized in Course IV.

The Department of Architecture's stated educational goal, as expressed by Professor Leon Crossier, executive officer of the department, is primarily to instill within its students "a concern for the quality of the

built environment." The faculty have been organized about the central theme that all men need to interact creatively with their physical surroundings. To accomplish this, the department has created four basic areas of study and two special degree programs: Visual Studies, including such non-architectural topics as visual design, photography, and filmmaking; Architectural Design, which also includes urban design in conjunction with Course XI; Building Technology; history, theory, and criticism of art and architecture; a special program in Architectural Design which pre-

MIT officials rebut The Tech charges

By The Tech Staff

The MIT Administration has responded to charges made in an article which appeared in last Tuesday's *The Tech*, expressing confidence in Housing and Food Services Director H. Eugene Brammer as "an honest, effective, first-rate administrator."

The article had charged that Brammer made "false and misleading" statements concerning the status of Ashdown Dining Hall and the employment of non-MIT students in the Dining Service. The charges were made after information had reached *The Tech* that the comments by Brammer in earlier articles were not true, or misrepresented the actual situations.

In a meeting Wednesday, Brammer and Assistant to the Vice President for Operations, Richard Sorenson, attempted to clear up the misinterpretations and misleading information which was cited in Tuesday's article.

On the issue of the Ashdown Dining Hall, Brammer explained that though the deficit that Ashdown had been suffering was the lowest cash deficit of the three main dining halls, it had the highest ratio of deficit to operating costs, which was a condition for closing the facility.

According to Sorenson, in addition to the high ratio of deficit to operating costs, only 39 Ashdown residents are on Commons, and a maximum of approximately 50% used the dining hall during the day, which MIT did not consider high enough to warrant keeping the hall open. In addition, Sorenson also disclosed that there was a negative

consensus within Ashdown to keep the dining hall open, due to the high costs of renovation, and the expected increases in rent which would occur.

10% non-MIT employees

In Tuesday's article, Brammer was quoted as predicting that the dining service staff would be comprised totally of MIT students in two years. At Wednesday's meeting, he confided that his previous statements "might have been misinterpreted last time." He explained that currently there are eleven non-MIT student employees, out of a total work force of approximately 100. Those, he said, are people who have been working for the Dining Service for over two years, and thus they would not be told to leave their jobs in favor of MIT students. He also admitted that "we will always have non-MIT students... we cannot always find all MIT students, but we will hire them as available."

Brammer predicted that the non-MIT students would not be in positions as captains or head captains, but would still serve as "coolies." He suggested that there was a problem of recruiting MIT students for available jobs, and Sorenson said that there was going to be a "rededication" by the Student Employment Office to generate a pool of applicants, from which personnel may be selected.

When asked about the employment of non-MIT students in dining service positions, Dan Langdale, Director of the Student Employment Office, agreed that there has been a problem finding sufficient numbers of MIT students willing to take food service jobs. However, he also admitted that to date the Employment Office "hasn't lent much more energy to solve a fairly minimal problem."

According to Langdale and Director of Financial Aid, Jack Frailey, the problems are partially due to the flexibility of the current "job award" packet which students receive. Frailey explained that the job award is actually a job/loan option, and that many students are choosing the loan option, thus eliminating the need to find a term-time job.

Both Frailey and Langdale agreed that there are certain shortcomings to the present system of making job opening known to students, though neither knew of an immediate solution. Langdale said that there "is a question of how strenuously dining service is looking for MIT students," however, Frailey added that a solution is difficult to find. "We could shoot a flare off the top of the Student Center each time a job opens up," he commented.

Communications gap

In response to the charge that he evaded a *The Tech* reporter who was working on the original article on Dining Service employees, Brammer asserted that the messages which the reporter had left with the secretaries in the Housing and Dining office had not reached him. Brammer said that "the girls in the office have no recollection [of the messages]," and added that "I try to make time available to everyone who wants to see me."

Raoul Lamp '75, a resident of East Campus (Hayden) was found on the ground at 11 p.m. yesterday by residents who called Campus Patrol. He was presumed to have fallen from the roof. He was taken to Mass. General Hospital immediately, but died several hours later from the injuries he received.

NOTES

* STOP! UROP summer money is fully committed.

* The Class of '73 has decided to dispense with the formality of an official graduation speaker. In its place we hope to have a number of informal activities which we hope will be more meaningful to the class. Anyone who has any ideas about the form of these activities, or is willing to work on Graduation should contact Bob Longair at dormline 9390 or leave a message at dormline 9131, as soon as possible!

* FRESHMEN AND UNDESIGNATED SOPHOMORES: On Wednesday, May 2 at 7 pm in the Sala de Puerto Rico, there will be a meeting for freshman and undesignated sophomores interested in management. Refreshments will be served. Please come and find out about Course XV.

* SUMMER GRANTS FOR MIT WRITERS: Funds are available for a few summer grants for undergraduate writers at MIT. Students should submit a letter describing the writing project, and a sample of work, to either Professor Barry Spacks (x3-6954) or Professor Sandy Kaye (x3-2643), by May 9. Announcements of awards will be made on May 16, along with the announcement of the 1972 MIT Writing Prizes.

* Creative Photography Lottery 4,051 will be May 2-9. Sign up in W31-310. Drawing May 10.

* MIT Urban Action is sponsoring a cabaret on Saturday, April 28 from 8 pm to midnight in the Bush Room (10-105) as part of its Spring Festival celebration. Admission is free, and live entertainment will be provided. Everyone's invited.

* TCA will be silkscreening T-shirts with the Institute Screw at Kaleidoscope on Friday, May 4 from 2-7 pm. On your own shirts or ours.

* Summer Session Registration material must be returned to the Registrar's Office E19-335 by Wednesday, May 9.

* OFFICIAL NOTICE: \$5 processing charge for any second term registration change after May 4.

* OFFICIAL NOTICE: After May 4, an undergraduate must petition the Committee on Academic Performance if he desires to cancel registration in a subject.

* Famous Lady Balloonist to give seminar at MIT - Mrs. Constance Wolf of Blue Bell, Pennsylvania, will give the General Seminar of the Department of Aeronautics and Astronautics on Tuesday, May 1 from 4 to 5 pm. Coffee will be served preceding the seminar in Room 33-411 at 3:30 pm. Mrs. Wolf holds 15 world records, including the Duration Record when she stayed aloft for more than 40 hours beating the previous record, which was held by two Russian women. Mrs. Wolf is very active in the Balloon Club of America which owns the famous balloon used in the film *Around the World in 80 Days*. On May 1, she will explain why she prefers using hydrogen rather than hot air for her flights.

* "What Are Models Made of?" by Dr. David Hawkins, Professor of Philosophy, University of Colorado and Director of the Mountain View Center for Environmental Education in Boulder, Colo., will be presented by the MIT Education Division Colloquium at 12 noon in Room 9-150 on Friday, May 4. Open to the public.

WHAT GOOD
IS ALL THIS,
IF I CAN'T
ENJOY IT?

CSE report shows evolution of

By Mike McNamee
(McNamee, an Associate News Editor of The Tech and a resident of Baker House, has been studying the Graves Report for several months, and has written an analysis of the Report. This is the third in a series of four articles on that analysis. -Editor)

One area in which the new CSE Report differs from the previous (1963) Report is on the

role of the individual house. The '63 Report favored the idea of developing each house into a complete residential unit; it would contain everything a student would need except academic and major extracurricular and athletic facilities. This would, it was predicted, have two social consequences: 1) Students would identify with the house as a whole, creating a spirit of house loyalty that the CSE

found desirable; and 2) As all the houses, new and old, evolved into a complete residential unit, students would have no reason to move from one house to another, and would remain in the same house for four years.

The '73 Report examined these ideas, and found them both, in light of experience, to be unsound. In the '60s, the house was indeed a viable social unit. Large all-house parties were often held, and were quite popular; facilities and funding on a house-wide scale were needed for such parties. Since then, however, the greater emphasis has been on activities on a smaller scale - usually in the entry or floor. This effect has not just been social; the CSE cited a trend toward entry, as opposed to house-wide, intramural teams, as well as dramatic groups, and so forth.

At the request of the CSE, a group of students taking Managerial Psychology, 15.301, did a study of the values individuals derived from their residence experience as a group project. This was studied by a series of interviews of students living in East Campus and Burton House. These dorms were chosen as representing two extremes: East Campus, as an old corridor-type dorm, as opposed to the recently-renovated Burton, which represented the implementation of the '63 Report. These results were used by the CSE as being representative of the system, and were incorporated in the Report's suggestions.

The CSE concluded that, to today's students, "a house of 300 or more people is both too large and too small a unit for students to identify with." Most students find it impossible to get

to know a sizable fraction of a large house's residents on a personal basis; and most students would rather know a few people well, and be able to communicate well with these few people, than have a more casual relationship with many people. The Graves Report points out, "Students are most likely to identify with groups of friends than with institutions... It is this group of friends... that is the source of any 'spirit'."

On the other hand, the house is too small to confine all one's efforts to it, to make it into one's whole world. House politics are not likely to seem terribly important to a student working in a Presidential campaign, and fighting for or against compulsory Commons does not strike a student working on social programs in a large city as being particularly relevant. The CSE recognized this, and the Report stresses that the house should not be seen as the limits of one's world.

Surveys were taken to determine the most viable social unit for students in the various dorms. These figures indicate that people draw the majority of their friends from a unit of approximately 30-60 residents, based on various structural units. East Campus residents regarded the floor as being the basic unit; in Baker, it was usually a part of a floor, although Baker has a higher degree of inter-unit contact than the other dorms. (Baker was the only house with a substantial feeling for the house as a social unit.) MacGregor has strong entries, where the entry has been unified by activities, and weaker entries, which do not have the same spirit. Students identify with the former when they exist; residents of weaker entries tend to identify with their suites.

Burton presented a problem, in that the physical layout of the shell that was renovated necessitated a plan that allows few inter-suite contacts. Graves, who was a senior tutor in "old" Burton, said, "The exile hurt many of the Burton entries [The exile is the period during which Burton was renovated, and the residents scattered into various other accommodations.]. It seems

(Continued on next page)

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MIT housing philosophy

(Continued from page 2)

that the floors that had strong traditions in the old house came through well, and formed strong entries; others, especially those with a high percentage of upper-classmen who graduated during the exile, didn't fare too well. It's the latter that have formed the weaker, more fragmented entries that have given blind Burton its name." More students in Burton identified the suite (six-ten residents) as their basic unit in Burton than anywhere else in the system.

Senior House, with its small size (190 students) and traditions, such as the annual Steak Fry, has a strong sense of house loyalty unmatched in the system except in Baker. At Senior House, the basic unit is usually the entry, or a floor within the entry. McCormick residents in the East Tower seem to identify with their suites (which are much larger than MacGregor-Burton suites); in the West Tower, the floor is the social unit.

The surveys conducted by the CSE show that 53.9% of the dormitory residents are satisfied with the size of their basis social unit. 39.8% find it too small or much too small; 5.8% think the unit is too large. It is interesting to note that the most dissatisfied residents are those in Burton, McCormick East, Senior House, and fragmented entries in MacGregor, while Baker, East Campus, and strong MacGregor entries were most satisfied with their situation.

Students seem to feel that the major purpose of the social unit is purely social — a place to meet people and make one's friends. "Hacking around" and doing things together are the main ways that units seem to become strong; no definite formulas were suggested, although traditions seem to go further than organized parties in achieving

this unity. (Repeated use of the word "seems" is due to the nature of the material and the data in this area — it cannot be treated specifically or analytically.)

Improvements in the dorms often increase the pride that residents take in their residences, as does a policy of allowing students to decorate their rooms. The Report cites East Campus and old Burton, where "the addition of carpeting and attractive lighting helped to convert the corridors into floor living rooms, where people would gather for good conversation rather than hockey or water fights." The CSE therefore recommends that all halls be carpeted, and that floor lounges be placed where they are accessible to a majority of the residents in the floor or entry. Students should be allowed to decorate their own rooms, with the caveat that anything that might prove objectionable to future residents be removed.

One of the most ironic points in the whole '73 Report is the fact that social cohesion is, in at least some instances, inversely related to the quality of the facilities. The CSE found that old Burton, where "you had to band together just to stay alive," as one veteran put it, had far more social cohesion than MacGregor, new Burton, and McCormick, the plushiest dorms on campus. This is one area where experience has proved the '63 Report false.

The basic premise of diversity, on which so much of the CSE's present effort is based, came into play again when the committee considered the allotment of space in the dormitory system. The practice in the past, designed to achieve maximum uniformity among the different houses, has been to insist that each house come as close as possible to the ideal of 25%

freshmen, 25% sophomores, 25% juniors, and 25% seniors in the house. Attrition, early graduation, and people moving out of the system have biased the figures towards the freshman end (so that the actual numbers might be 30-27-23-20), but the policy has been to have the same proportion in each house.

If the goal of our housing system is to develop diverse options for a student to choose among, the CSE asks, why should he/she be forced to stick with a decision that he made during his first week at MIT, before he attended a single class?

There is no actual forcing of students to remain in the dorms they chose as freshmen, the CSE adds; indeed, statistics show that most requests for transfers that take place at the end of the year are granted. On the other hand, most students think that it is difficult to change houses; that people who change houses are losers who couldn't get along with their roommates; that there is no desirability in changing dorms. For most people, in the current system, this is true; most people are happy with their choice and have no wish to change. But, the CSE stresses, can we consider such a static system to be the best utilization of the educational potential of our housing system?

"I came from a college [Princeton] where it was accepted to move from dorm to dorm each year," Graves said, commenting on what will probably be the most controversial issue raised by the '73 Report. "You could stay with your friends, move as a block if you liked. It was broadening — you tried several lifestyles, you met more people."

"I'm not terribly interested in ways and means right now. What I'd like is just to raise the issue, to start some discussion in the community."

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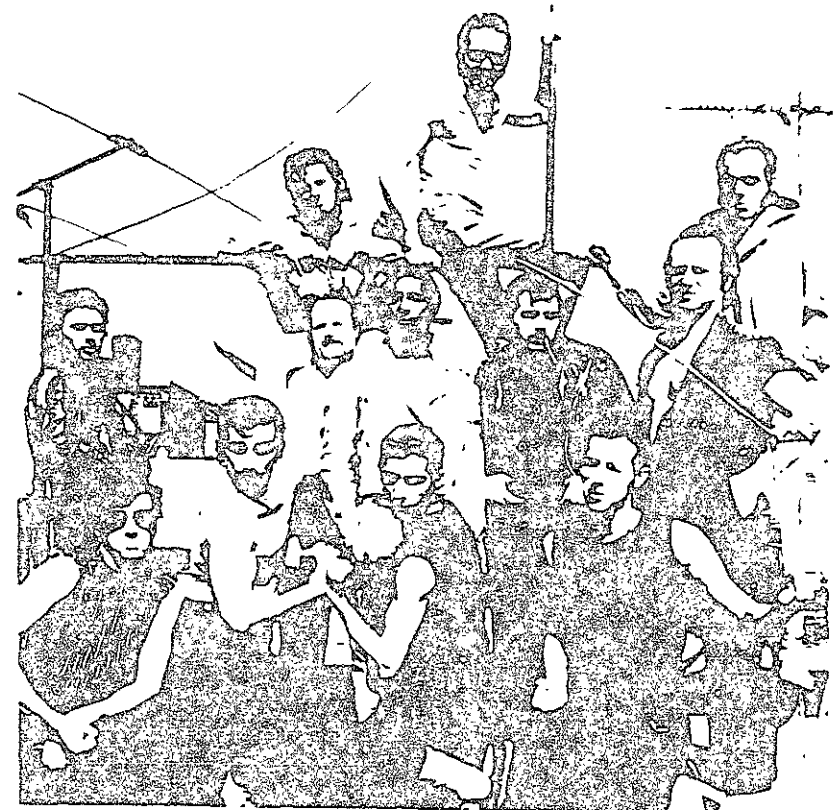
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Editorial

The recent controversy over statements to this newspaper from a number of administration officials raises an important question of Institute policy concerning the free flow of information.

Normally, the track record of the people in charge here has been creditable when it comes to releasing non-controversial information about operations directly affecting students. An example would be the recent rate review process, during which there was full disclosure.

However, serious questions have arisen during *The Tech's* coverage of other issues at MIT, including the dining service, an issue which touches the lives of hundreds of students every day. The information released by certain officials has been something less than completely frank.

The problem is not one of incorrect information, but rather of incomplete information. Telling part of the truth is often tantamount to deception. Hiding the true basis of a decision makes it impossible for the university community to ascertain what actions might influence administrative actions.

If the oft-repeated rhetoric of a free and open community of scholars is to be taken at face value; and if MIT's decision making process is to be any different than that of Honeywell or Polaroid, then officials at all levels have an obligation to explain their actions to the student press, whenever such actions directly affect students.

This does not deny the right of the university to proprietary information: we have no right to demand faculty salaries, details of the fiscal and fund-raising operations, or similar information. We do have the right, and the responsibility, to demand public discussion in advance of major decisions, and public explanation of them afterwards. Such discussion should be complete and on-the-record.

Letters to The Tech

The Tech was sent a copy of this memo.

Memo To:
Carola B. Eisenberg
Roy Lamson
Jerome B. Wiesner

As a member of the MIT Symphony Orchestra for five years and as concertmaster for the last two, I would like to respond to the criticisms leveled at the orchestra by members of the other musical groups at MIT. It is very tempting to attribute the somewhat bitter statements which appeared in *The Tech* on Friday, April 20, to a simple case of jealous envy, but let me avoid such counter-arguments and merely clarify a few facts.

First of all, the principal reason for the orchestra's great publicity and notoriety is simply that it plays with great competence and inspiration. Just ask the newspapers and audiences. However, neither the professional level of music-making nor the attention has belonged to the orchestra until recently. Until the arrival of Professors David Epstein, John Buttrick, Robert Freeman, and others, the level of the orchestra and of classical musical performance in general at MIT was, to say the least, dismal and uninspiring. With great dedication, Professor Epstein built and improved the organization. In the beginning it was miraculous indeed to even muster the requisite number of musicians to field a whole ensemble. Thus, players from outside the Institute were recruited by necessity. With expert guidance from the vigorous young music faculty and by hard work, the orchestra progressed by leaps and bounds. After eight years of building, the orchestra has reached a truly high level of musicianship, and proved it on the highly successful cross-country tour. Through these years, as the competence of the orchestra grew, so did the enthusiasm of our audiences and the excitement among its players. In my five years alone, I have seen incredible increases in the numbers of MIT people joining the group and becoming faithful followers.

This now brings me to the membership of the orchestra, the great thorn in the side of Mr. Husby, et al. According to the figures quoted, 17 members have no MIT/Wellesley connection. This is a misleading figure. Of these, there were twelve string players, two harp players, one French horn player, one flutist, and one oboist. The French hornist was recruited when an MIT undergraduate dropped out just prior to the tour; no MIT harp player auditioned; the oboist remained only after two new MIT oboists joined this year; and the flutist was an eight-year veteran, loyal from the start. Anyone who knows anything about orchestras understands that string players are always in demand. I was personally present at string auditions for the last two years,

and, believe me, no person, especially from MIT or Wellesley, was turned away who was capable of playing the parts. For those who were denied admission, they are far better off sharpening their technique before attempting to join a large section where one can become sloppy and develop bad habits. Many of the twelve "outsiders" joined the orchestra when regular MIT personnel were unable to make the tour. Others of this group were not listed properly in the program (from which Husby, et al. drew their data), as their MIT or Wellesley affiliation was omitted.

It is silly to contend that MIT staff, alumni, and Wellesley students do not belong in the orchestra. The staff and alumni make huge contributions of time, money, energy, and prestige to the Institute. Wellesley students take courses at MIT without extra tuition — they are therefore certainly entitled to participate in an activity not available on their own campus, just as MIT students are allowed to participate in Wellesley classes and activities without extra tuition.

The MIT Orchestra, therefore, requires no justifications for its existence and success. It is clearly an organization not only representative of the Institute, but one of which we all can be proud. Those few players not connected with MIT or Wellesley have been loyal members — they joined when times were rough and they were needed, stuck with it, and now have justifiably reaped the fruits of their labors.

Perhaps the resentment of the other musical groups is actually a healthy sign, another manifestation of a new vitality and interest in music at MIT, lacking before the emergence of the orchestra. In any event, I'm sure the standing-room-only crowds that have packed Kresge for every MIT Orchestra concert in the last few years (without benefit, may I add, of extensive publicity) and who obviously enjoy and appreciate good music, would join me in hoping that the MIT Symphony Orchestra maintains its high caliber and standards, and continues to receive the "special attention" which such success clearly merits.

Allan Y. Teranishi, G(5)

To the Editor:

I feel compelled to write this letter in response to your front page article concerning statements from Gene Brammer, director of MIT's Housing and Food Service; statements which you categorize as false and misleading. Let me preface by mentioning that I am president of the Senior House, one of the dormitories on the East Campus, and as a result of this I have had much contact with Mr. Brammer. Considerably more, I think, than your reporter has had.

Specialization: newsmagazine style

By Paul Schindler

MIT is a working definition of the newsmagazine style of university education. For the uninitiated, or those who have never thought about it much (which is probably most of you), the major innovation of the newsmagazine was departmentalization of the news.

It made news easier to follow. National, International, Science, Medicine, Show Business; the format allowed stories that did not have a "hard news peg" but were merely things people ought to, or would like to, know about. It freed the news from kowtowing to the immediate event, and enabled it to roam the world. The idea succeeded because it was right for the news.

But it has a problem, and that is that some news "falls between the cracks." Is the dollar national or international, or business, or the subject for an Essay?

The problem, in this modern day of "systems," is much more pronounced in education than it ever was in news. Transportation problems pose the most stunning example of the end result of a newsmagazine or department style on an MIT education.

But this is like a special multi-department cover story in a newsmagazine: it's only a small exception to the general rule — strict specialization in a narrow discipline. And it's killing the world and it's hurting MIT.

As one faculty member recently pointed out, and this may be applicable to most of our interdisciplinary efforts: "It's not putting a lawyer, a doctor, and an engineer together in a room to work on a problem, it's getting a person or group of people together, each of whom has some knowledge in all of these areas." The faculty member, call him Smith, did not want to be identified because he is in a low level policy position, and would like to stay there or move ahead. Talk of "breaking down departmental lines" is not likely to be popular with any department head, including Smith's. He himself has multiple degrees, similar to the list above.

Smith went on to suggest that it is time MIT defined its goals, "not in terms of process but in terms of output." Currently, departments at MIT set up

(Letters continued)

In this capacity as president, I have met with him on a one-to-one basis (discussing renovations and problems of the dormitory) and in group discussion (the rent-review presentation to Dormitory Council). In either of these types of situations I have always felt and still feel that he has been perfectly frank, open and honest. He has been willing to help in whatever way possible.

As a cashier and commons checker at Walker Memorial I have often seen the interest which he takes in the Dining Services. He has a real and demonstrable interest not only in the Dining Services but also in the student staff.

I have seen him pay for part of the dinner of a student who did not understand what was correctly part of a complete dinner special. When my only recourse as cashier was to ask a customer to either pay for the additional item or to take it back, Mr. Brammer personally paid for it. To me this reflects a real concern both for the student and for the success of the dining service.

Lastly, I first met Mr. Brammer while he was still an administrative officer in the Electrical Engineering Department. As a freshman, I was seeking funding for materials for an IAP project. This funding I did not ultimately receive, but I still feel that Mr. Brammer did much more than he needed to do, even had I been an EE major, which I was not. To show this amount of interest in a freshman who could realistically make no claims on either his time or the department's money proves to me, at least, a real concern and consideration for the student.

In closing then, let me say that I can neither make my position too clear nor my feelings too strong. I believe that Gene Brammer has been working only for the benefit of the students, something which is all too rare at MIT.

Daniel James King

curricula designed to train a person to be an engineer. Each department sets its course criteria separate from the other departments: the student's overall education is tied together by the Institute requirements, the basic purpose of which is to provide all graduates with a minimum of basic skills (physics, math, chemistry, lab work). There is also the one course per term humanities requirement, MIT's token contribution to the well-rounded person. It is viewed by most students like medicine: "Close your eyes, swallow quickly, and it will be all over."

Smith suggests that MIT begin defining itself, and its courses, not in terms of the students it admits (input) or the courses they go through (processing), but rather in terms of the kind of people it wants to turn out (output). Anyone who has taken even an elementary computer course at the Institute realizes how irrational it would be to write a computer program if all one knew about it was the input and the instructions available. "What is the algorithm?" they would ask. "What is the desired output?" they might cry.

Currently, the answers to these questions are woefully underspecified, and determined by the input and the process, when they should in all rationality be determined by the desired output. If MIT wants to turn out a well-rounded student, they should admit a well-rounded freshman class. If they want people with an interdisciplinary outlook, they should offer them a course structure that encourages them to take the broad view of things. Finally, the Institute's faculty should eliminate the if's and the myths by publicly debating and deciding the question, "What is our desired output?"

While they are at it, they might devote their attention to the related but competing outputs of the effort of this organization: students, research, and work for the government (which is research, but sometimes of a special kind). Perhaps a clearer set of priorities might be set up. Perhaps the faculty might reconsider addition of faculty members in the future who avow in advance complete dedication to research, with no students except post-docs (and there are such professors now). Perhaps, some day in the dim, distant future, the ability to teach students may become part of the process by which faculty tenure decisions are made.

Smith thinks there are innovative programs which might make future breakthroughs possible: he includes in these the possible innovation in engineering education program which the Sloan foundation has been asked to fund (*The Tech*, April 3, 1973). These and other programs, he points out, are beginning to crack the departmental ice here. There is opposition among some department heads, he noted, but the will of several of the Deans, and the Central Administration, is that departmental lines should begin to blur a bit, and so they shall.

Administration members have expressed their dedication to the standards of excellence maintained by autonomous, rigorous departments, and it is unlikely that this structure will become a minority vehicle for persons being educated at MIT in the near future. But the University must change to keep up with the times, and this process, as painful as it will be for some, will have to start soon, or we will lose valuable time.

Continuous News Service	
The Tech	
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Course IV: not just design

(Continued from page 1)

IV's requirements are not set but extremely flexible. For the four basic areas of concentration, each student is required to take one introductory course from four of the department's five fields of study (including Urban Studies and Implementation). Once this is accomplished, the student should take two or three advanced courses outside his area of concentration. Aside from these stipulations, the student is granted virtual freedom in compiling his own coherent set of advanced subjects in his

specialty designed to secure a strong background in the field. "The framework is for students to build programs for themselves. We try to comply with where they're at now."

Unfortunately, this informal approach may be the greatest fault of the department. "Once you decide upon Course IV, if you don't already have a good idea of what you want, it's hard to understand what it is you're supposed to do." As executive officer, Croisser acts as advisor to approximately 45 students within the department, three

times the load of other departmental advisors. "This is mainly because I handle all of the odd and special cases. Many students find they have lost direction by their junior year, and it's my job to help find a track they'll fit on." Croisser quickly added, however, that a majority of the students have little or no trouble coping with the flexibility of the department. Many, in fact, go so far as to develop better programs for themselves than those required. "If a student walks up to me and says 'I want to take this,

(Continued on next page)

'Big screw' to be awarded

By Wendy Peikes

"Screw unto others — especially those who've screwed you." And if you want to get back at that professor who screwed you to the wall last term — you can retaliate by casting a ballot for him in the Big Screw Contest.

The preliminary ballots will be cast in the Building 10 lobby till April 27, after which the five leading candidates will be chosen as semifinalists. At Kaleidescope on May 4, ballots will be cast for a penny a vote, to decide who among these five potential winners will be elected "the professor who screwed more students than any of his competitors." For all his efforts, he will be awarded an appropriately sized model of the Institute screw: a three-foot long aluminum left-handed screw. He will hold his prize for one year, after which he must return it for presentation to his successor. The contest's winner will choose a charity to which the proceeds of this contest will be donated.

According to Jerry Roylance '75, director of the "Big Screw," "The purpose of the contest is to have fun and vent frustrations." Votes can only be cast on computer cards, preferably used ones, and must have the professor and the department handwritten on the back. Xeroxed copies and other cards printed by short-cut methods will not be accepted because, as Roylance explains, "If you really hate the guy, you'll be willing to spend the time writing out a card by hand."

There have been votes cast for professors in just about every department, but courses 6 and 8 seem to be leading in the number of cards displaying the names of their professors. A few of those who seem to be quite "popular" with their students, and their respective means of screwing them, are: Paul Barret, construction in the chemical engineering building; Professor Toomre, 18.03; Frisch, course 8 and over-admission to the graduate school; A.P. French, 8.01, and John J. Donovan, 6.251.

Although the winner of the contest was originally intended to be a professor, it is not

impossible for a member of the administration, a non-faculty member associated with MIT, or just about any person, place, or thing to win, although, as Roylance puts it, "We'd prefer the winner to be a person." An astounding number of computer cards have been filed under "Misc." as they contain the name of an object not directly associated with any department.

Some examples of votes one would find if he peeked into the box entitled "Misc.": Servend,

Ma Bell, x5858, the Registrar, Student Center elevators, 50-340, 77 Mass. Ave., Multics, Briggs Field, all T.A.'s, MIT, Bursar, William Barton Rogers, Curtis Reeves, Jerry Roylance, \$3100, Building 13 frisbee, the Coop, H. Kissinger, the state of Iowa, Richard Milhaus Nixon, ROTC, the God Squad, dorm line, Chem Engineering Building, Course X... Yes, you can vote for just about anything. You can even vote to screw yourself!

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Course IV: not just design

(Continued from page 5)
this, this, and this,' and can give me a valid reason why these courses contribute to his individual program, we are more than happy to bend the requirements to fit in these additional subjects."

In order to aid students engulfed in the literal plethora of course offerings in the Department of Architecture, the course office furnishes brief one-page descriptions of each course taught that semester. Croisser, however, expressed his regret that most students in the department simply do not make use of these course summaries. "I think this could remove a lot of the difficulties of course selection in the department, but as of yet it has not caught on."

A more rigorous program for the Architecture student can be found in the special Course IV program of Architectural Design. Since the intent of this degree is to prepare the student for a two year continuation to insure his Master of Architecture degree (the first professional degree), the requirements are given in terms of minimum number of units in various categories. Though satisfying the basic program of Architectural Design, this program is much more restrictive and virtually abolishes the 60 unrestricted elective units assured students in more basic programs. The special program includes a number of courses designed specifically to guide the student into filling, in particular, the Master of Architecture requirements here at the Institute. Because of this fine preparatory program, a large number of MIT undergraduates are accepted into the Graduate School each year.

The wide range of offerings within the Department of Ar-

chitecture and their many relationships with those of other departments may suggest to students a possible coherent program which includes combining work in Course IV with work in other departments in the Institute. In order to comply with this possibility, Course IV has initiated a Bachelor of Science degree, IV-B. To be accepted into this program, a student must submit in writing a "statement of educational goals, and a list of restricted, planned, and unrestricted electives selected to achieve these goals."

Socially, Course IV is easily the most radical course on campus. Most students are on a first name basis with professors, and classes are very informal and personal. The students are fairly close knit considering their large degree of interaction with graduate students. Last year, several students decided to sell lunch to people in the de-

partment once a week. Shortly thereafter, they found they were doing a full time business which became the out-of-class social center of the department. Lectures and other events are usually announced on posters around the Building 7 elevator.

MIT's Department of Architecture is taking a bold new approach to the field by concerning themselves mainly with the new and futuristic roles of Architecture. Their approach, a concern with people using spaces rather than concern with the building itself, is both idealistic and very overdue. Requirements are flexible, and course offerings are many. Socially, the department is well off, and its students are among the most well rounded in the Institute. For those students who are impressed by such goals and interested in such programs, the Department of Architecture would be well worth looking into.

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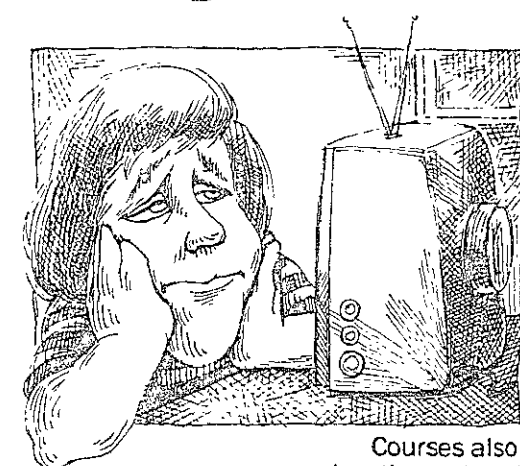
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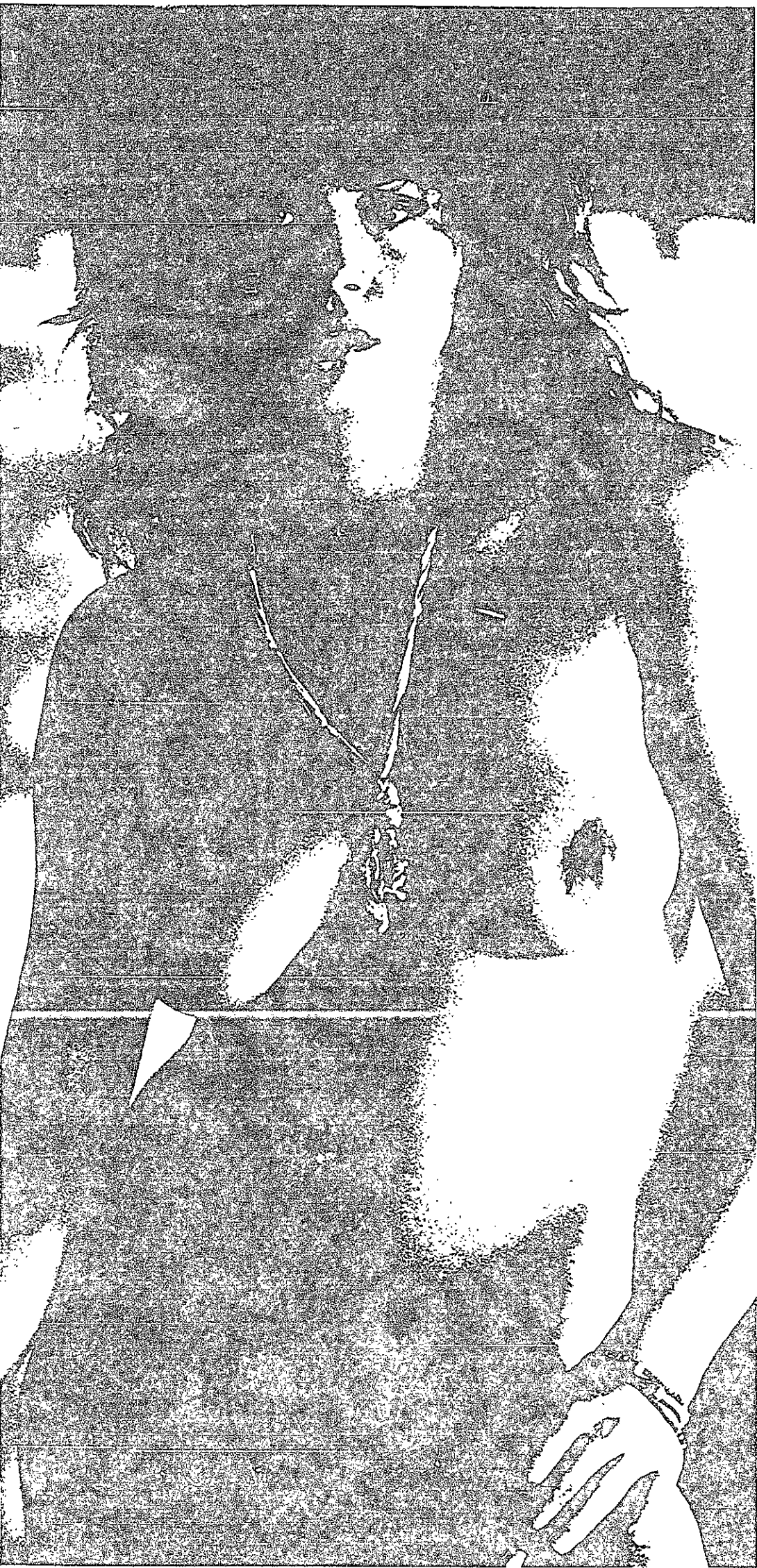


photo reprinted from Playboy (February 1973); copyright 1973 — Maria Schneider

Last Tango in Boston

by Bob Ross and Neal Vitale

Many, many articles have been written about Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*; but, by and large, such commentaries have said nothing about the film and its content, or else they were gratuitously laudatory (without any substantiation). Pauline Kael's remarks that appeared in *The New Yorker* (and elsewhere since) after she viewed *Last Tango* in October of 1972 at the New York Film Festival tend to fall into the latter category. She called the film "a landmark in movie history. . . (it) has altered the face of an art form," and she spoke of it having raised pornography to the level of the upper class/bourgeoisie. Yet *Last Tango in Paris*, although fascinating, does not deserve such praise.

Marlon Brando delivers a superb per-

formance as Paul, a 45-year-old American living in Paris. His wife mysteriously commits suicide and in his anguish he meets and violently seduces a young French ingenue (Maria Schneider). "Everything outside this place is bullshit," says Paul, and so they carry on an encapsulated, nameless sexual relationship. *Last Tango* is a very painful film; it is not the nude sex spree that some would have you believe. This is a movie for males in much the same way as was *Carnal Knowledge*. In the latter, young men's sexual identities are explored; in *Tango*, middle-aged roles are interpreted (within a rather supercilious and contrived context that occasionally delves into the area of "pop" marriages and a whole different generation's romantic/sexual mores). The anguish of the film is moving, and one leaves the theater with a sticky, desolate feeling.

Bertolucci is making a profoundly anti-chauvinist movie (by showing Paul's continual need for, and ultimate domination over, first his wife, then Jeanne the ingenue, and the repercussions thereof) and, at the same time, one that is

definitely anti-American. Anti-American because Paul represents the American middle-aged male who takes his chauvinism and grinds it down the ass of a confused, free-spirited *jeune fille* in the name of sexual communication, depicting the twisted sexual identity of that same American male.

Yet it is the chauvinism/domination theme that is at the heart of *Last Tango*, and what Bertolucci is saying goes past the facile observations regarding Paul's death at the hands of Jeanne as being his deserved comeuppance. But his chauvinism does not end there; in implication, his control over her will trail her forever. She has only made a superficial break from him, she can never really be free from his dominance.

Paul is the epitome of the superman image of toughness and durability; he craves control of his women. Only twice in *Last Tango* do we see him cry: once over the bier of his wife, then while Jeanne is masturbating in front of him. In each case, he has last control; they are outside his influence, and his facade of strength is exposed as a savage, masochistic attempt at some form of masculinity.

Last Tango in Paris is flawed in several instances, yet it is a film that deserves to be seen by all, if only for expousal of the fact that it is not obscene, only slightly shocking, and eminently intriguing. Its power is overwhelming, and its message is not one that can be easily accepted or dismissed. *Last Tango* will keep you thinking long after it has ended. *At the Cheri*.

The resurrection of Sister George

by Dennis Mill

On Thursday, two weeks ago, the Hub Theatre Centre began its run of *The Killing of Sister George*. For those of you who saw the movie version, I can't make any comparisons, since I haven't seen it. But I can say that this four-person drama has got everything going for it, from superb acting and directing, to a price (\$2.50) that's almost reasonable for Boston drama.

But the best thing about this play is the feeling of intimacy between the audience and the actors. It's not a large room to begin with, but the state is really "wide-screen," and at times it seems you're watching a tennis match of verbalisms. But that's all right too, because you're really in the midst of the play, from the most humorous (of which there is much) to the most tragic.

George, played by Victoria Fraser, is the play's leading character, but therein she is also the nurse (Sister George) in a BBC radio drama, "Applehurst." She has a listening public that has given her the highest compliment: they refuse to let her step out of her nurse-character in her real life. Everyone in Britain, it seems, loves Sister George, as she administers to the sick and needy in Applehurst, riding her motorcycle to their bedsides while singing church hymns with the engine growling in the background. It's all a perfect portrayal of a real soap, especially if you mentally substitute television for radio.

But then the executive decision is made: Sister George is to be killed in a crash with a ten-ton truck, in order to put the ratings of the show where they've never been before. The character of the BBC producer, Mercy Croft, is played superbly by Joan Thompson, capturing every bit of the competent professional in a world of survival of the fittest. But Mercy also shows us the more human part of herself, when she befriends George's roommate Alice, who has gone through George's drinking and beatings for too long. The remaining character is a gypsy fortune-teller, Madame Xenia, who is every bit what we would imagine her to

[Sister George, continued on page 11]

House of Holly?

by Mark Astolfi

Houses Of the Holy — Led Zeppelin (Atlantic)

At last Led Zep breaks with tradition and gives one of their albums a *real* title. After *Led Zeppelin*, *Led Zeppelin II*, *Led Zeppelin III*, and the so-called *Led Zeppelin IV* (actually titled with four runic symbols, something like ♪&@%), this one, their fifth by my reckoning, is called *Houses Of the Holy* (not, as one FM disc jockey suggested, *House Of Holly*.) And it's a sad album: watch Plant's vocal chords blow another fuse, giggle as Page tries to play guitar wearing mittens. The hopes that this band had at last been reborn, evinced by *Led Zep IV*, are herewith dashed to hell. Peek through the cracks in the stone walls of the Houses of the Holy and you'll catch no glimpse of the majestic power of "Stairway To Heaven," no glimmer of the frenetic, zinging energy of "Black Dog," "Rock and Roll," or "When the Levee Breaks," let alone any hint of earlier classics. This album is another tragic step backwards in the discouraging career of one of the most disappointing bands on record. The Zeppelinauts were light years away from their spectacular debut album as it was; with this album they burn out the last of their dilithium crystals, and as any good *Star Trek* freak knows, that means they gotta limp home on impulse engines only, at sub-light speed. Its a longshot.

Here's how this reviewer plots the trajectory of Led Zeppelin's latest descent. Side one begins with the jangling haulting, Who-like "The Song Remains the Same." Surprisingly, Jimmy Page spends most of his time playing simple rhythm guitar backing, and his lead is uninspired: some gentle, Joe Walshesque licks, but basically the mindless flashcat antics we've come to expect. Plant sings like the watered-down Daltry imitation detractors always claimed he was. Bonham doesn't drum: he churns butter. "Rain Song" is next, a Led Zep love song that starts out like "What Is and What Should Never Be," but never erupts, basking then smothering in lush, counterfeited-string backing (John Paul Jones on mellotron.)

"Over the Hills and Far Away" begins acoustically a la material on America's first LP, then gets heavy, again sounding like a weak Who, specifically their last single, "Join Together." Once again Page's guitar is listless, like something George Harrison might crank out in his sleep. And finally, "The Crunge." God knows about this tune, sort of in the same directionless vein as most of the stuff on *Led Zeppelin III*, with grating synthesizer parts (Jones again) coming in off-tempo until Plant, at the end of the song, cries out in exasperation "Excuse me, I'm just tryin' to find the bridge, has anybody seen the bridge..." Shades of James Brown.

Side two is a little better, starting out with the only decent cut on the album, "Dancing Days." Built on a jaunty, if somewhat bizarre minor key chord progression (oscillation is perhaps a better word), it's one of those it's-summertime-let's-run-around-dancing-and-getting-loaded tunes, with Page's guitar again restrained, almost simple-minded. You could call it tasteful I suppose, but Jimmy's slumming, no way around it. The tunes ends all too quickly, followed by "D'yer Mak'er," a trendy attempt at reggae that ends up sounding more like Three Dog Night's Fifties spoof "Good Feeling 1957." But the strolling rhythm guitar and irregular bass line is strictly Jamaican (catch the pun in the title?) On the lyrics sheet, they ask "Whatever happened to Rosie and the Originals?" What ever happened to Led Zeppelin?

Then comes "No Quarter," seven minutes of dreary, pseudo-jazz mood music

[Led Zeppelin, continued on page 12]

Godspell — for Christ's sake

by Bob Ross

Turning a hit Broadway musical into a successful movie is no easy task. Past directors have spent millions on musicals trying to translate them onto the screen. Many have failed, even with super Broadway hits like *Music Man*, *Camelot*, and *Brigadoon*. Many productions seem to simply lend themselves more to the stage than the screen. But this is only part of *Godspell*'s problem. David Greene left his imagination at home when he directed *Godspell*.

Technically, the film is a bore. Greene seems to be trying to revive the "one shot — one scene" method that was very popular at the turn of the century. The long shot is worn into the eyeballs as we see the stiff characters cavort through an empty New York City. Greene would have been more successful if he had taken his camera into the theater and set it up in the fifteenth row and filmed the Broadway production.

There is no plot to this modern biblical epic. Rather, it is a series of parables that attempt to bridge the two thousand years that have elapsed since the words were first written. Not only do they fail at this but rumor has it that certain groups of atheists are encouraging their Christian friends to go see this film. Ten animated "free" spirits prancing through NYC without other people anywhere only proves that the Church desires to remain blind to the over-population issue. All in all a terrible film. *At the Abbey*.

The Dead — gratefully alive

by Ken Davis

The Grateful Dead are enough to restore your faith in rock 'n' roll. In a time when, more than ever, the popular performers depend on gimmick more than talent, the Dead continue to be successful by producing good music that is fun to listen to.

The Dead, along with the New Riders of the Purple Sage, were at Boston Garden on Monday, April 2. To paraphrase Janis Joplin, they sure turned a bunch of freaks into a party. The crowd of 16,000-plus was totally captured. There was none of the implied satanism of the Stones or the sexual ambivalence of David Bowie, just a couple of bands and a lot of people having a good time.

The New Riders opened things up, doing nearly two hours of their country-rock standards and a few new songs. One thing they've picked up is the old Motown hit "Take A Letter Maria." Not many groups could pull that off and make it sound respectable; Marmaduke and company did. Other more familiar songs were "I Don't Know You,"

"Louisiana Lady" and "Last Lonely Eagle" off the first album; "Truck Drivin' Man," "Rainbow," "I Don't Need No Doctor," and "Willie and the Hand Jive" from the second; and "Sutter's Mill" and "Groupie" from their latest effort.

Particularly worthy of note was Buddy Cage, who did a fine job on pedal steel guitar. His addition made the New Riders independent of the Dead, as Jerry Garcia was no longer needed on pedal steel. Cage has proven himself to be, along with Poco's Rusty Young, among the best on the instrument.

The last few weeks had not been good ones for the Grateful Dead; singer Ron "Pigpen" McKernan died from a combination of liver and kidney problems — too much booze — and guitarist Garcia was busted in New Jersey for possession of marijuana, cocaine, etc., on his way to a Springfield concert date. If the Dead were down, though, they didn't show it. The only indication of Garcia's latest run-in with the law was the absence of "Truckin'" from the program.

When the Dead lift songs, they do it with class. Their opening number was Chuck Berry's "The Promised Land." Other borrowed songs were Kris Kristofferson's "Me and Bobby McGee" and John Phillips' "Me and My Uncle."

One change within the band has been the emergence of Bob Weir as a songwriter and singer. He did two songs from his solo album, *Ace*, and more of the new songs than Garcia. Weir also did a flawless job on rhythm guitar. The Dead performed a surprising amount of new material — most of the second set was unfamiliar.

The older songs were a mix from just about all the periods the Dead have gone through; "Bet It On Down the Line" from their first album, "China Cat Sunflower and I Know You Rider," also oldies redone in a medley, and quite a few songs from *Grateful Dead* and *Europe '72*. Phil Lesh also got a chance to sing his "Box of Rain" from *American Beauty*, which, unfortunately, did not come across as well electric.

Lesh was shortchanged by the poor acoustics of the Boston Garden, as was pianist Keith Godchaux. Neither could be heard clearly, at least from where I was sitting. Keith's wife Donna helped out with the singing, and did one lead vocal on a new song. Unfortunately, the lyrics of it and many other new pieces were unintelligible, thanks to the low quality of the sound.

Probably the best thing the Dead played was an extended "Playing in the Band." Garcia's solo was the best he played all night, and possibly the most powerful lead I have ever heard him do. As far as audience reaction, the big winners were the closing sequence of "Sugar Magnolia," one of their best songs, and "Casey Jones," which crashed forward hypnotically for ten minutes before reaching its climax.

Although no encore was apparently planned, the band had little choice as the crowd, hardly thinned at 1:45 am, stood on their seats and lit matches, screaming for more. And they got more — "Johnny B. Goode," and a beautiful *capella* "We Bid You Goodnight," the perfect ending to a fine show.



photo by David Neuburger

The MIT Dramashop will present J.D. Synge's *Playboy of the Western World* on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 26, 27, and 28, and on Friday and Saturday, May 4 and 5. The performances will begin at 8:30 on each evening at the Little Theatre in Kresge Auditorium. Tickets are \$2.25; for reservations and further information, call 253-4720.

Grand Hotel — condemned

by John Krout

Grand Hotel — Procol Harum (Chrysalis)

To say that *Grand Hotel* was long-awaited would be something of an understatement. When I saw Procol Harum in Washington last summer they did the title song and as much as said "Coming soon!" — so I put it on my little list of albums to buy and waited. And waited. And waited.

Procol Harum's last album, *Live*, was by far the best-selling of their six releases up to that point. It came out thirteen months ago and was snatched up immediately due to the success of "Conquistador" on the AM stations. T'was the first hit single Procol had scored with since "Whiter Shade of Pale" burst upon the scene in 1967, even though a hard core of us fanatics had been steadily buying their stuff, and in a very different way it succeeded where "Pale" only came close. The fame and glory went to guitarist Dave Ball's head, and he left for greener (or at least solo-er) pastures... while *Grand Hotel* was but half-built.

Being a new guitarist for Procol Harum is, as a reviewer in *The Great Speckled Bird* once said, "like being the new lead singer for the Rolling Stones." Their original guitarist was Robin Trower, and he was good enough to inspire the analogy, combining a touch of classic mock-grandeur and a superb sad wail in a way that challenged and often surpassed the likes of Hendrix, Townshend, and all the other familiar names. Trower, too, left to seek higher summits; in his wake was a top-notch reputation and five Procol Harum albums which were nothing short of fantastic, meaning that any replacement would need a super share of both gall and humility as well as talent to suffer the inevitable comparisons. In replacement Dave Ball gall won out, I guess.

So to complete *Grand Hotel* yet another good guitarist had to be found, and in the end Mick Grabham was found waiting in the Chrysalis offices for an audition. He's a fine surprise, shrieking away perhaps as well as Trower and certainly better than Ball. I think I'd like to ask him, though, if that's his real body on the *Grand Hotel* porch or the stairway. Take a good close look at the cover and you'll see the fine lines of photo-fakeup work encompassing his features, on top of a frame no less tall-Texanish than Dave Ball's!

This only serves to underscore the sense of economic urgency Chrysalis felt in releasing *Grand Hotel*. The idea on AM is, and has always been, "the hits just keep on comin'," and it's probably worth bypassing one more photo session in those stuffy tuxedos to maintain an AM foothold. After a year or so, though, you're not maintaining anything. You have to rebuild.

Fortunately for the management, then, Procol Harum has some real fine rockers on this one, and they ought to cut the top forty to shreds. Try "Toujours L'amour," for instance, rocking away with two of lyricist Keith Reid's favorite subjects — females and suicide — and revealing the most gripping of the album's guitar solos. Or how about "Bringing Home the Bacon," which stuffs its "slobbering, goo-faced, mean" kiddo with a monster beat. The title song exudes grandeur in the fine tradition of "A Salty Dog" and so many other of their tunes, with a nifty instrumental

break comprised of a mad waltz parody and a tearful melody reminiscent of Dr. Zhivago. And give a listen to "A Souvenir of London," a hilarious laid-back look at the mind of a patron in that grand hotel when he discovers his "souvenir." Great stuff, really. It grows on you.

Yet of all their albums, this is the only one which I can say has any weak points. One of these is really just in my head — that infernal comparison of Grabham to Trower. If everyone continues to mentally constrain Mick to Robin's sound, it might never grow into the group as much as he needs to. The other is a hard blow for us hard core — Keith Reid's words just aren't up to par on all the cuts. It was whispered that yet another reason for the album's delay was Keith's severe depression over several months; Gary Brooke, pianist, vocalist, composer, and Procol's driving creative force since Robin left, felt that the downer stuff penned during that time wasn't fit for music. A tasteful, thankful only a taste (for Keith's pen-powerful), of that condition lingers on *Grand Hotel*, the lyrics of "A Rum Tale" and "Toujours L'amour" being most direct and personal that ever before I've known Keith to write. However, cante the title cut or "Fires" for the familiar grand old images, or the end of "Robert Box" for the sheer terror that Gary can always generate with a few key words and an innovative cadence. All in all, it's a fine album, easily worth \$2.99 or whatever price the Coop might shoot it up to.

Meanwhile, if you didn't invest \$3 in the benefit for WGBH that Procol Harum did at the Orpheum on April 4, at least you can buy the album. WBCN was scheduled to air the set but they pleaded technical deficiencies and copped out a few hours before show time. Ah, would've made a fascinating tape; in fact I know at least one Arts Editor who passed up tickets, planning to man the recorder at the appointed hour. So for the benefit and yours, I'll set down a synopsis.

The show began with Tranquility, a fine act of Irish heritage whose full, fast, happy sounds ironically get precious little airplay in Boston. These guys come close to the virtuosity of Yes in many of the arrangements, and their live energy readily surpasses that of their fine recent album, *Silver*. I think that when they're in town again, they'll be heading the band and we'll be footing it gladly — if they have a hit, and they're bound to.

Procol Harum opened up with "Conquistador" and then went to "Bringing Home the Bacon" and "Toujours L'amour." The sound was tight and very full, marred only by a p.a. which seemed intent on destroying piano notes and Grabham quickly proved that his stuff on the new album wasn't a fluke. Material from all of their discs save *Shine On Brightly* was presently, with six of the nine *Grand Hotel* entries in the footcandle, none of the music Trower wrote, such as the early-and-oft-requested "Whiskey Train," was performed.

Gary introduced two new songs, "Pardons Box" and "Robes of Silk." Suddenly I found out I no longer knew what to listen for, and since the sound system was delivering frustratingly grade waves I couldn't find out what the songs were about. They were both in the major mode, though, so Keith couldn't have been too depressed when he wrote the words, and one featured a fine fun guitar riff by Grabham.

Then it was the end. They closed with "Repent Walpurgis," which features another Bach ripoff theme, and came back for "A Salty Dog." I left with regrets; it was a great show. Catch them fly by again, by all means.



The Grateful Dead

"I'm Anne. Fly me."

by John Krout

The Six Wives of Henry VIII — Rick Wakeman (A&M)

Rick Wakeman is that extraordinarily able keyboard artist in Yes. I don't have to tell you how extraordinary Yes is.

Rick is fascinating to see in concert. He's surrounded by seven instruments — two moogs, two mellotrons, an organ, an electric harpsichord, and a 9 foot grand piano that must be a headache to move around — and he flashes about swiftly, intently, putting every last note in place precisely. He doesn't climb all over his equipment like Keith Emerson, but that's not part of his act. Besides, he wouldn't have room.

Yes snatched Rick away from another British group called Strawbs. The only things I know of Strawbs are that they record on A&M and that Rick, when a Strawb, was very much in demand as a sessions artist. That's him floating away on the mellotron in David Bowie's "Space Oddity."

Naturally, since Yes is such hot stuff nowadays, A&M wasn't about to let Rick out of his contract. Hence, on the last two Yes albums, there's some fine print to that effect. You know, "Rick Wakeman, courtesy of . . ." Hence, also, A&M would ask Rick to lay down some new material for them. He decided to introduce it this way.

"This album is based around my interpretations of the musical characteristics of the wives of Henry VIII. Although the

style may not always be in keeping with their individual history, it is my personal conception of their characters in relation to keyboard instruments."

The front cover features a wide-angle shot of Rick with Henry & Co. at Madame Tussaud's. The lens make Rick look a lot shorter than he really is. Might that be Richard Nixon in the background?

Uh, does this feel like I'm avoiding the point? Well Rick sure did. I've been listening to this stuff for two weeks and I still can't figure out whether he's putting somebody on — maybe us, maybe A&M. Mistake one is this Henry bit; Rick's "conceptions" must be pretty complex, because they don't even come close to the bios of the Big Six on the back. Mistake two is the failure to find a strong beat, which usually brings out his best jamming (as in "Roundabout"). Mistake three is using themes which fell like limp

Yes rejects, stringing them together with as many jagged multi-tracked miracles as possible. Mistake four is unforgivable — the recording speed wavers worse than anything since the first Monkees album.

Five flew out of the Byrds' nest

by Jeff Palmer

Byrds (Asylum)

You know, I thought of writing an exhausting history of the Byrds, including a run-down of the multitudinous personnel changes and musical transformations, and a complete discography. Beginning with their Dylan days in 1965, the Byrds

have been involved in a variety of musical styles, and as a result, almost every track on every album they've released has been commendable. Yes, I think I could write quite a prelude to the reunion album of one of the superior and most innovative groups of the last decade, but *Byrds* is not deserving of such a build-up, though it's certainly not a total disgrace, either.

After some eight years, it is quite possible that Roger (once Jim, remember?) McGuinn, the only Byrd to remain in the nest since the group's conception, has grown weary of his leader role. This seemed evident from *Farther Along*, the final Byrds album comprised of Messrs. McGuinn, White, Parsons and Battin, on which Roger contributed only two songs. This reunion of the original McGuinn-Clark-Hillman-Crosby-Clarke line-up, produced by David Crosby, suffers from a lack of leadership. Evidently David was careful not to suppress anyone's ego (which might have been a factor in the band's original break-up), because the group members had free rein to do as they wished. The result was an album similar to CSNY's *Deja Vu*; a motley conglomeration of individual efforts, lacking in cooperation and unity.

Here the four songwriting Byrds each filled their quota of two original compositions for the album. McGuinn's "Sweet Mary" was written as a joint effort with Jacques Levy, with whom he has written such fine pieces as "Just A Season" and "Chestnut Mare." "Sweet Mary" is another exceptional collaboration, with an eerie tone similar to "Jack Tarr the Sailor" from *Ballad of Easy Rider*. His "Born To Rock 'N' Roll" is all right, but has a disillusioning title, since it hasn't enough force behind it to be classified as a rocker. Though I hadn't heard Gene

Clark's work since his early departure from the Byrds, his two fine country tunes included here prove to me that at least his music didn't get lost in the shuffle. Chris Hillman has two immediately likeable yet soon forgettable ditties; I expected much better from the Byrd who penned "Have You Seen Her Face" and "Thoughts and Words" a few years back. David Crosby reconstructed "Laughing," and the expansive mass of guitars, a characteristic of early Byrds, compensates for the absence of Joni Mitchell's angelic soprano, which was featured in the version on David's superb solo album. His other song here, "Long Live the King," is not as atrocious as his "Mind Gardens," from *Younger Than Yesterday*, but is a definite Byrds bummer in its own right.

Of the remaining three songs, two are by Neil Young and one is by Joni Mitchell. Crosby does an acceptable job singing Joni's "For Free," which I expected since he produced some of her earlier exquisite work. "Cowgirl in the Sand" has a hokey accent to it, but is a welcome change from Neil's somber renditions. "See the Sky About To Rain" slips in comparison to Neil's version on the *Young Man's Fancy* double-album bootleg, since Neil's vocal and lone piano on his version could never be outdone.

All in all, *Byrds* is an album with its good moments neutralized by its bad. Now I've heard recently that another outstanding group of the sixties, Buffalo Springfield, have talked about releasing a comeback album. This time, in preparation of the results, I'll take this news with a grain of salt; either that, or I'll throw a few grains over my shoulder for luck.



Rick Wakeman

kiss this mark astolfi

Two years ago, the rock music press abounded with articles on reggae, heralding the anticipated Anglo-American reggae boom. Although it never occurred, signs are now that it may arrive after all, two years late but in one piece.

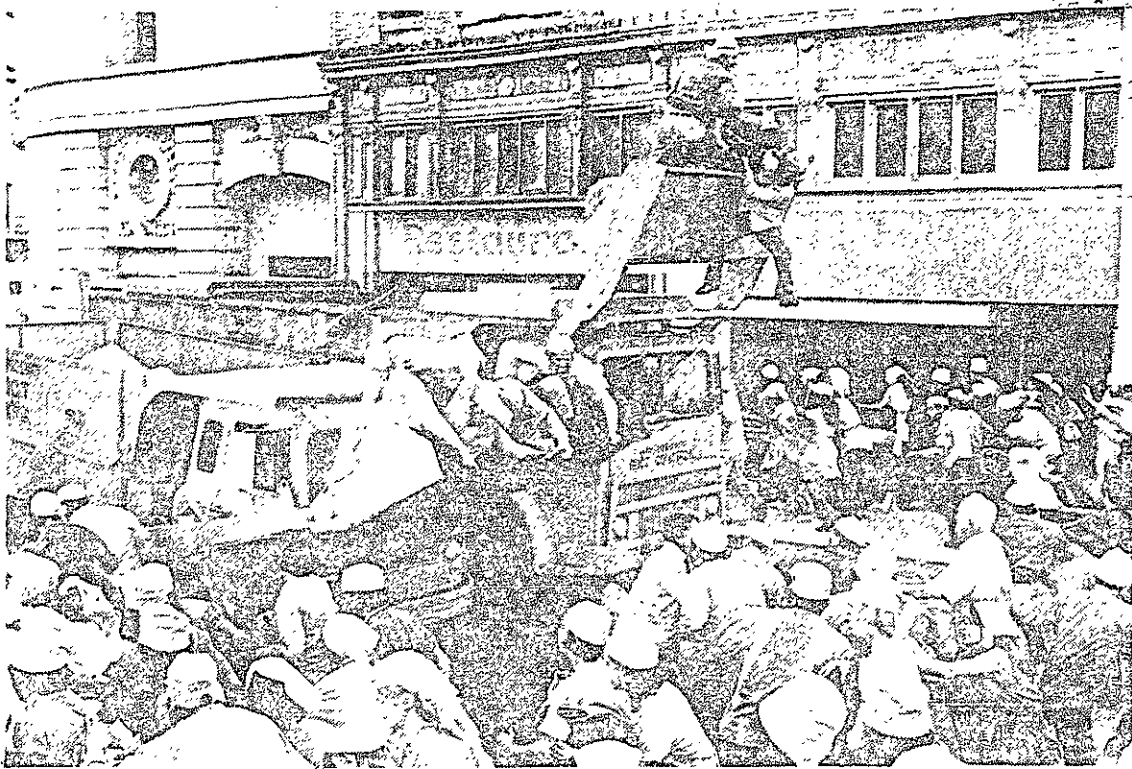
Reggae (pronounce it REG-ay) is the Jamaican analog to what is known here in America as rhythm and blues, for both, via involved histories, are traceable back to the black slave music. It is, in its origins, music of the oppressed, but it differs sharply from R & B ideologically, replacing woe and depression with revolution and destruction. But much of reggae deals with less political topics, such as religion (the Melodians' "Rivers of Babylon") and mischievously candid sex (Max Romeo's "Wet Dream"). In the past 30 years, reggae has gone through many phases: "blue music," "ska," and "rock steady" being the more prominent. The current version of reggae was developed in part by Lyn Tait, who introduced the use of a second guitar, and the now-standard lead riffs. Reggae was brought to England by the immigrating West Indians, where it remained the underground music of an ethnic minority, until the white "skinhead" movement of the last Sixties adopted it for their own. The skinhead kids were from the working class British midlands, and were rebelling against the prettified psychedelia of their better-off middle-class brothers; hence the fierce identification with the suffering and knock-down, gut-validity of reggae. That, and the fact that it's damned danceable music.

Much criticism of reggae by white popstars is merely sour grapes, for few white popstars can play the stuff. The syncopated, stutter-step beat of reggae sounds simple but is really quite sophisticated, for the instruments, usually guitar, drums, bass, and organ, all go off on their own, echoing, mimicing, and winding around each other, the effect being both unified and serpentine. Consequently, lack of understanding has rendered the attempts of many British and American artists to duplicate reggae failures (great songs, lousy reggae):

Kinks' "Lola," and "Apeman," Paul Simon's "Mother & Child Reunion," Nilsson's "Coconut," and things like Guess Who's "Follow Your Daughter Home," Shango's "Day After Day," and Wackers' "Day & Night," which are more accurately calypso, but usually labelled reggae. Real reggae has done fairly well in England, usually one or two reggae tunes are on the charts at any given time, but has made hardly a dent in the American charts, the few exceptions being Desmond Dekker and the Ace's "The Israelites," Dave and Ansil Collins' mad instrumental "Double Barrel," and Jimmy Cliff's "Wonderful World, Beautiful People."

But things are changing, as reggae, both authentic Jamaican and credible white imitations, is beginning to surface. The prime mover with respect to native bands seems to be Chris Blackwell, a white, British rock entrepreneur, who is pushing Jamaican reggae on his own label, Island (cf. The Wailers' *Catch a Fire*), and, together with Shelter Records' Denny Cordell, on a new label, Mango. The first release on Mango is the soundtrack of a Jamaican-made adventure movie, *The Harder They Come*, and provides a generous introduction to reggae, with tunes by the film's star, Jimmy Cliff, and other prominent reggae bands and performers, including Desmond Dekker. It is certainly to be hoped that Mango will provide needed exposure for more Jamaican acts, and help establish this earthy, infectious brand of music. At the same time, over on Epic, Johnny Nash has had two reggae hits in a row: "I Can See Clearly Now" and "Stir It Up."

Another promising trend is the involvement of British and American white artists in reggae, with a bit more insight than has ever before been evident. Such diverse bands as Led Zeppelin and J. Geils Band have recently experimented with reggae, the latter's startlingly great single, "Give It To Me" outdistancing the former's Fiftiesish "D'yer Mak'er." And at the same time, Jamaica is fast becoming a retreat and recording haven for popstars who want to escape the hassles of Anglo-American civilization. The Stones and Traffic have recorded there, and Cat Stevens and Elton John will soon follow suit. Blackwell thinks reggae could someday become as influential as R&B, and Jamaica could become another Nashville or Liverpool. Anyone who has been bitten by the reggae bug has to say "Amen to that." (Amen to that.)



Chuck and his ban-rolls

by P.E. Schindler, Jr.

The least interesting part of the two-hour interview was its purpose: Charlton Heston is starring in *Soylent Green* which opened recently at the Music Hall. Here we have a man whose life and mind are clearly more interesting than any movie Hollywood has ever put out.

The interview came just a week after the academy awards. The call went out for a press briefing, at the Ritz Carlton. I went.

A few knocks on the door bring no response, and I am ready to leave when another reporter shows. We knock together, and an MGM publicist opens up. Peeking around him, we see the press conference.

Not a room full of people and TV lights. Three others are there, and they are all who show. Introductions are never made, but one seems to be *Real Paper*, another from Hartford, still another sounded like *New York Magazine*. And, of course, *The Tech*.

Sometime later, Chuck will admit that he is thankful he no longer appears on dreary early morning talk shows, where the host has never seen one of his films. Some print journalists, he will concede, do their homework, especially the British (he mentioned the *Manchester Guardian*). But, of course, all a critic needs is "a job and a typewriter," although it would be nice if they also have "a love of film." But they must strive to "serve the public, not the industry."

But that is later. Right now, as the saying goes, I am "close enough that I could reach out and touch him" if I wanted to. He makes the first move, the traditional firm handshake and "Hi, I'm Chuck Heston."

He is tanned, but not ostentatiously so. A small but perceptible paunch hangs over his belted ban-roll. Large, circular gold-colored clock face cuff-links hold his french cuffs together on a shirt open at the collar. He wears the traditional black calf-length socks (yes, his pants covered them, but he did pause to pull them up once; the man behind the myth), with no shoes on as he pads about his suite.

With the slightest prompting he tells beguiling stories that cover the range of his knowledge, and eventually someone (well, me actually) remembers to ask him about the film *Soylent Green*, to the obvious relief of the two MGM publicity agents in the room. Chuck tells you how PR people get upset at him for not plugging the film hard enough. "You have to talk about what they want to talk about," he says. When you ask him about the title, he begins "they are words that do not yet exist, as the publicists delight in pointing out." The word refers to a type of manufactured food. More on the film later.

Heston put his caveat at the end, and that's too bad, because it meant that the four of us didn't have time to pursue his contention that "the more public I become, the more private my real identity." He went on to claim expertise at "being interviewed for the public, because my own self is not very deeply involved." He explained, "What I know is involved. My self is not... I don't particularly enjoy tours, even though I am good at them. I

Soylent Green

do what I'm paid to do. That's one reason why I am one of the few people who get a percentage of the gross, although I tour for films I don't have a percentage of too."

Heston was a multi-term president of the Screen Actor's Guild, and has just recently returned to the board of that organization. Although he warned us that his information might be a little stale, he answered some question about current issues in that realm as best he could: there are about 26,000 members of the SAG, many of whom are unemployed. "There are about 2,000 highly skilled professional actors in that group," Heston



Soylent Green

said, "but I would hate to have to pick them out." There have been suggestions for a committee to weed out the membership, but Heston doesn't think that is possible.

As of two years ago, he noted, film actors got 28% of their income from theatrical films and 72% from TV work. Of that, two-thirds came from commercials. This has been the source of a current controversy about the use of "real people" in commercials as a major factor in the unemployment that is ravaging the industry.

TV reruns have also become controversial: the old season, which used to run some 36 shows, has been whittled down to the point where some shows only shoot 23 or 24 episodes, depending on specials to prevent them from running any episode more than twice in the same year (and sometimes not succeeding). Actors are a little upset about this; so is the President who has stepped into the fracas on the side opposite the TV networks.

As Heston pointed out, he will readily express his opinions, but he will not express himself. As the interview went on for almost two hours, he covered a range of interests that would speak well of a

renaissance man: acting and film, education, economics of the film industry (not everyone in that industry cares about such things). In general, he said that acting is his thing, wherever it is done, and his prime goal in life is to improve as an actor.

Heston spoke of two children: his son, who is in a co-op program in marine biology, and a daughter who is toying with the idea of a career in show business. Heston makes an especial point of warning people away from acting as a career. "There is no future in it," he said, "and the odds are very high against getting any regular work at all; the odds against doing well, of having any say in the vehicles you work in, those odds are astronomical."

Heston said that *Soylent Green* would not have been made if he had not been pushing for it. It was the kind of vehicle he wanted to appear in. "In a sense its propaganda," he said, "but its the kind that works." He went on to explain that only if the message comes second to the entertainment could a message film get across to the American film-going public (or, it seemed, to much of any film going public, except the students of the hundreds of film schools in American universities, of whom Heston said "They are turning out many more people than there are room for in the industry.") and that this was just such a film.

Heston, it seems, has wanted to make a statement about ecology and where the world is heading for some time. So when this film appeared on the horizon, he took it on.

Regrettably, this reviewer would have to suggest that perhaps Heston should not publicly take responsibility for the film. It undeniably has its moments of drama, of humor, and of entertainment. And, of course, it has the sentimental last performance of Edward G. Robinson. But there wasn't much else to hold the attention of the audience.

The science is almost unquestionably accurate: a UCLA professor served as technical consultant, and assures us of that in a press release. We believe him. New York City may very well have 40 million people in it by 2022, and 80% of them may be out of work (this is not the science part, but is speculation.) And, as shown in the film, the income gap which exists now will undoubtedly widen, with the very rich and the very poor co-existing in the United States, as they do now in the rest of the world.

But the story of *Soylent Green*, an artificial food substance supposedly made out of plankton (see how fast you can figure out what its really made of) and of Heston's work as a police detective is often confusing and underexplained. What is a book? What politics are left? These and other questions are not explained sufficiently. Wondering about them distracts from enough of the plot to make it difficult to follow.

Most of the acting performances were spectacular, and the appearance of Chuck Connors, and several other too well known faces detracts from the film: you sit there and say to yourself "I don't know his name, and I really don't care, but I swear I've seen the face."

Thus, for this reviewer, the message was clear and the entertainment wasn't. The most entertaining point in my movie was the trailer for a Vincent Price film playing across the street.

But now for the odd part of this review (OK, some of the other parts were little odd, too... By the way, ban-roll is a kind of pants which requires no belt): I recommend that you see the film anyway. Why? Because while it doesn't precisely entertain, it does interest, amuse, speculate, and provoke thought, and those are all good things for a film to do, even if it misses on its primary goal. Technicians, after all, are going to cause most of this to happen, and it would be nice if you thought about the end results *At the Music Hall*.

Brother Sun: diabetics — beware!

by Nancy Pierce and Neal Vitale

Everything seemed to indicate that Franco Zeffirelli's new film, *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*, would be at least an interesting one, if not, in fact, actually good. There was Sir Alex Guinness listed among the acting credits, as was the innocently beautiful Judi Bowker; Donovan had written the soundtrack, and the combination of all those factors, plus the rather cosmic possibilities of the title, boded well for the movie. Zeffirelli was coming off the enormously successful *Romeo and Juliet*, and was again dabbling with a theme that held open all the same snares of utter sappiness and acne-inflaming sweetness — the life of St. Francis (the choice of which supposedly stemmed from the director's lingering near death after an accident, his recovery, and his subsequent conversion to celluloid evangelism). Unfortunately, Zeffirelli (apparently stumbling along with his eyes turned towards heaven) has fallen into all the possible traps; simultaneously, no less.

In *Brother Sun, Sister Moon*, many stylistic and technical aspects have been carried over almost directly from its predecessor *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet where such were underplayed, controlled, and so smoothly integral to the latter, they are heavy-handed, fumble-fingered, and ludicrously clumsy in the former. Both films were pretty; there is lovely footage galore in each. But similarities end there.

The innocence and naivete of *Brother Sun* is utterly amazing; I didn't realize it existed in such a pure form in today's world. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the pristine quality was beautiful; in *Brother Sun*, it is simply funny. Similarly, the fleeting bedroom scene and glimpse of Leonard Whiting's naked buttocks fit fine into the reworking of Shakespeare; the extensive dwelling on Graham Faulkner's nude derriere is prurient and embarrassing. Even Donovan's contribution, one boring tune redone several times with different bits of infantile lyricism, is sadly humorous even in comparison to the somewhat maudlin soundtrack from *Romeo and Juliet*.

The list of reasons why not to see *Brother Sun, Sister Moon* could go on and on; the audience at a preview screening last month applauded the movie's ending, not because of anything impressive, but simply because the film was finished. The picture is dull, pointless, marginally inscrutable, and eminently missable. Do so. *At the Cheri*.

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[Sister George, continued from page 7]

be, plus even more humorous.

In fact, many parts of the play are so comic (there's even a Lauren and Hardy sketch) that it's hard to believe that the actors can bring it off so poignantly. But they do, giving us an insightful vignette of people being forced to live with each other, and with the world outside. Mercy Croft can do it well, while George and Alice haven't quite been able to. The result is an evening you won't regret, even if you've never come close to having a part in "Days of Our Lives." Victoria Fraser is a genuinely superb actress, and her portrayal of George is incredibly real. She, the director Rosann Weeks, and the rest of the case, have made this play a true artistic success.

The Killing of Sister George is playing at the Old West Church at 131 Cambridge Street in Boston (near Government Center), about a half-hour walk across the Longfellow Bridge.

"I'm Doc, he's Merle."

by Wanda Adams

Doc and Merle Watson have given many fine performances since they began playing together. They came through with another solid live performance a few weeks ago at Symphony Hall, and, with the help of contemporary local performer, Chris Smither, the evening was even more pleasant than anticipated.

Smither appeared on stage with little introduction. Chris, who, like the Watsons, records for Poppy records, opened with a Paul Geremia/Chuck Berry composition, "Henry David Thoreau," which is a spoof of sorts on the current commercialization of Walden Pond.

Chris offered several easy, soft pieces such as "Lonely Time" and Richie Furay's "Kind Woman." Smither's version of "Kind Woman" is gentle and yearning, almost pleading.

In contrast to his soft pieces, he also played several rollicky blues numbers, notably a moving rendition of "Statesboro Blues," which, although it is done again and again by various artists, is still a solid song.

And, just to round out his portion of the evening, he performed a Chuck Berry tune, "No Money Down." It is one of Berry's more bluesy numbers, and Smither's blues guitar talents enhance the overall mood of the song. Smither called "No Money Down" a commentary on "American consumer protection in the 50's" — it's about a guy who sees a sign that reads, "No money down" and he buys a whopper of a Cadillac and ends up with a lemon.

Then Doc and Merle appeared on stage. Merle surprised me somewhat — he gets hipper every time I see him. This time, he was sporting sideburns and a real moustache. What could be happening to this once clean-cut southern boy? Whatever it is, it seems to agree with Merle.

Doc and Merle opened with "Freight Train Boogie," sparked by the usual Doc Watson flashy guitar breaks. Then they went to a long-time Watson favorite, "Peach Pickin' Time in George," which declares, "When it's peach pickin' time in Georgie, apple pickin' time in Tennessee, cotton pickin' time in Mississippi, everybody's pickin' on me..." The audience obviously had wanted to hear this song, judging from their reaction when it was played.

Doc then explained that they would perform their "most requested song" — "Deep River Blues." They did, and, as usual, it too was flawless; it seems to be just about everybody's favorite Doc Watson thing, mostly, I think, because of Doc's superb arrangement and guitar work.

The Watsons offered several instrumental numbers, also, including two flatpicked fiddle tunes, "Beaumont Rag" and "Black Mountain Rag." Merle took over the lead several times, and his guitar competence was quite impressive.

Merle also played banjo for a while, and his banjo playing is steadily improving. (Three years ago at the Philadelphia Folk Festival, Merle had just begun to play banjo; now he is proficient, to put it mildly.) Doc backed Merle's banjo playing on another instrumental,

"Country Blues," in which Merle plays a "frailing" style banjo. Then Doc sang and backed Merle's banjo on a Clarence Ashley tune, "Honey Babe Blues." Merle's banjo was still the lead instrument — Doc was saving the limelight for his son's abilities.

Doc and Merle played two "love" songs. The first was a request — an old Carter Family tune, called "Storms Are On the Ocean." Both guitars harmonized somewhat effectively on "Storms." The other "love" song is a Townes Van Zandt composition which they recently recorded, "If I Needed You." Doc's arrangement is even nicer than Van Zandt's, and Merle's lead guitar playing on this number indicates that Doc has been grooming his son to be his protege.

The Watsons did another song that Doc claims that he likes to sing, "St. James Infirmary." Merle took the lead again on this one, and his guitar made the song bluesy and funky, almost cocky in spots.

All in all, the evening at Symphony Hall was one of versatility in music, offering variety between blues, fifties rock, bluegrass, contemporary "folk" music, and just fine picking.

Doc and Merle have a new album out now, also, called *Then and Now* (Poppy). *Then and Now* not only features the talented Watsons, but also the inimitable fiddling of Vassar Clements and the precise country dobro playing of Norman Blake. The four combine to offer a nice cross-section of what the Watsons seem to enjoy playing. Doc, it seems, likes to play the blues even more than he enjoys bluegrass style. He does two really solid blues pieces on *Then and Now*, "Milk Cow Blues" and "That's All." Both are enhanced by his harp work, which is just enough to add to the bluesy effect of the songs.

Two instrumentals appear on *Then and Now*. One is a traditional song arranged by Merle, "Bonaparte's Retreat." This is a really fine conglomeration of fiddle, dobro and guitar that gives the song a smooth, almost effortless effect. The other instrumental is "Rain Crow Bill" which features mostly Doc's harp work and Jim Isabel's leg playing. Merle sneaks in a few banjo breaks, but this time it's mostly harp work by Doc.

"Frankie and Johnny" is also performed on this album. With the help of nice instrumental breaks by Clements and Blake on fiddle and dobro, respectively, the song is more than just a remake of an old standard.

Perhaps the best number on *Then and Now*, however, is the Townes Van Zandt composition, "If I Needed You." Sometimes the back-up string work is slightly too much, but basically, "If I Needed You" is a pleasantly effective expression of love.

The cover of *Then and Now* features close-up photographs of Doc's hands on one side and of Merle's hands on the other. After the Symphony Hall concert, I met Doc Watson and spoke with him briefly. I shook his hand, half in the hopes that when I went home and picked up my own guitar, some of his fancy playing would rub off on me. Doc Watson's hands have produced some fine music over the years. But alas, I went home and picked up the Martin, and it was the same old me — the handshake didn't help at all...

Mom's pride — her Fanny

by Mark Astolfi

Mothers Pride — Fanny (Warner Bros.)

This fine album is Fanny's fourth, and their best to date. Suffering only occasionally from Musician's Disease (lack of originality), *Mothers Pride* has a wide variety of different types of songs, from the wistful, acoustic "Long Road Home," to the bitterly sarcastic, autobiographical "Solid Gold" (drummer Alice de Buhr's lead vocals reminds one of a drunk Ray Davies), to the biting, heavy metal thunder of "I Need You Need Me." Other excellent cuts are: "Summer Song," a bouncy, hot-fun-in-the-summertime tune; "Polecat Blues," a hot funk boogie/blues number; and the Beatlesque "Regular Guy." But probably the jewel of the album is Fanny's version of Randy Newman's eerie "Last Night I Had a Dream,"

with some just right special effects.

The musicianship is tight, often inspired, and all four, de Buhr, keyboardist Nickey Barclay, and the Millington sisters, June on lead guitar, Jean on bass, do vocals, sometimes one voice, sometimes all four. And who should have done the production chores but one Todd Rundgren, who somehow or other seems to get himself written into every other review I do. Actually, Todd engineered and mixed the record, too. The boy keeps busy.

While I don't want to suggest that Fanny consider themselves spokespersons for the Women's Lib movement, many of their songs do portray relationships where the girl is the more confident, rational, mature, or simply together of the two involved. And the message that seems to underlie much of the lyric content of *Mothers Pride* is a refreshing one, that what happens when two people decide to be together depends on who needs what, and not on who should do what based upon sexist social demands and conventions; especially refreshing to someone who so often finds himself on the "wrong" end of American society's tyrannical emotional see-saw.

I love this record for many reasons, musically as well as ideologically, and it grows with each listening. Don't pass it up.

Tanx, but no tanx

by Cherry Neon

Tanx — T.Rex (Warner Bros.)

No denying it, the front cover is really killer, and the schematics of tanks on the inside and back covers will drive any war paraphernalia phreak to joyful ecstasy. (A friend identified several of them.) But musically, this album has few peers in terms of downright vapidness. It is, in the light of Marc Bolan's past two humorous, mystical, danceable triumphs, *Electric Warrior* and *The Slider*, an insult and an outrage. The worst piece of trash to come along in years, and if I learn to love it (infinitesimally small chance of that, friends) it'll be the work of some evil sorcerer, and due in no part to any redeeming musical value inherent in *Tanx*.

What happened?

The charm, wit, raving simplicity, and elegantly commercial and incantational flash have all vanished. In their place, the 13 tracks on this album are messy, ill-inspired copies of Marc's past material, as ugly and ungainly as unretouched high school graduation pictures, as amateurish and boring as the worst barroom band. To begin with, the sound quality is quite poor, virtually always upon the backdrop of annoyingly anonymous strings (or is it a mellotron?). Marc's guitar playing is so spastic and slipshod,

his voice sounds so lazy and bored, obsessed with the notion that he and producer Tony Visconti can do no wrong. There are virtually no liner notes, so I don't know who to blame for what; I imagine T.Rex (the two backup musicians) are still around, but I don't know about Flo and Eddie, for some of the vocal backing sounds like them, but it could just as well be Bolan. And many of the tracks are blemished by some ragged sax playing: whoever is responsible ought to be put out of his misery.

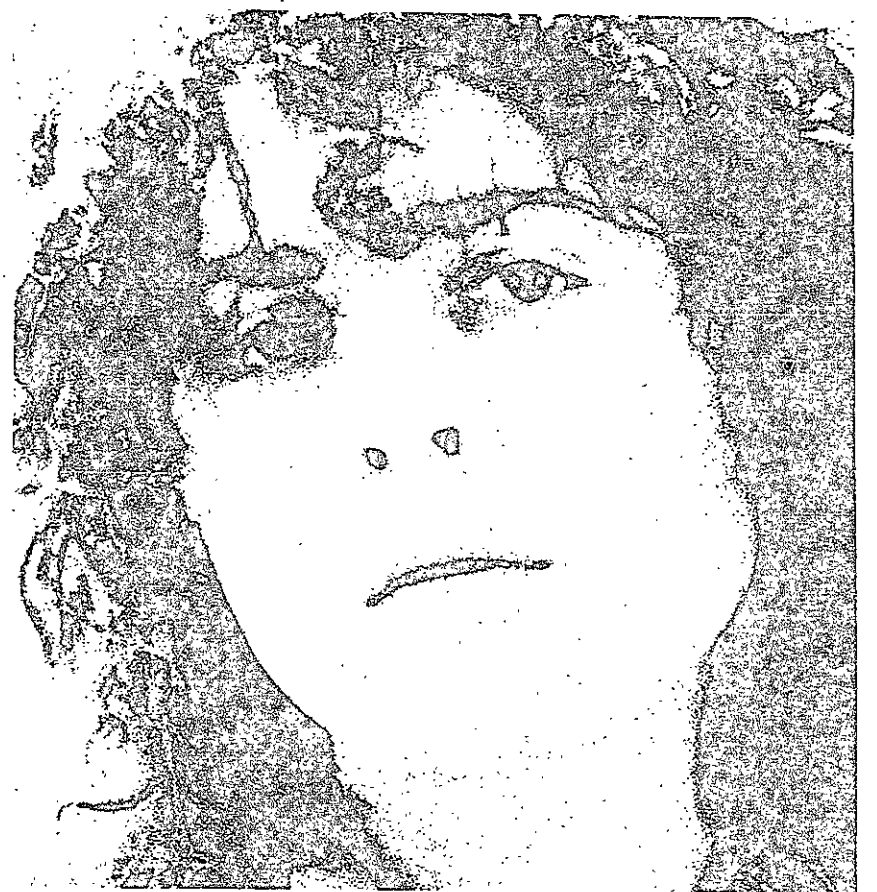
But the songs themselves are the most disappointing aspect of all. Marc's tunes were never very complex: clever quips as opposed to involved treatises. They were cut out of two basic molds: the rockers, like "Telegram Sam," "Jeepster," and "Raw Ramp," and the slow, plaintive ballads, like "Ballrooms of Mars" and

"Life is a Gas." But whichever the type, Bolan's genius was his ability to give each song a certain uniqueness, an individualizing riff or catchy chord progression, and, above all, amusingly obscure, teasingly nonsensical lyrics. He had the formulas down so well, or so it seemed. The songs on *Tanx* show little imagination, no new ideas, no new hooks or riffs, most based on one or two chords. Few are typically infectious T.Rex rockers. Lyrics are for the most part hard to hear, and are *not* printed anywhere on or in the packaging, and so most are lost to posterity. Only "Electric Slim & the Factory Hen" and "Rapids" have much of a distinctive melody, but neither cut compares with what we've come to expect from Bolan.

Two other points: since *The Slider* came out a little under a year ago, three singles not on that album have been released over in England, although not over here. "Children of the Revolution" and "Solid Gold Easy Action" did their mandatory tours of duty in the upper stratosphere of the charts, and the new "20th Century Boy" was No. 3 by its first week on the charts, and that's as high as it got, held down by Donny Osmond's darling Donna Fargo imitation "Twelveth of Never," and Slade's latest monster hit, "Cum On Feel the Noise," which jumped onto the charts at No. 1 its first week on. I assume by the popularity of these singles that they are in the old T.Rex vein; yet, none are on *Tanx*.

The other point is that, unlike its predecessors, *Electric Warrior* and *The Slider*, the lyrics to the tunes on *Tanx* are nowhere reproduced on or in the packaging. Instead, you get a black and white poster of Marc and his toy tank, exploiting the phallic nuances of a tank's turret and gun. Small consolation indeed.

I have no idea why *Tanx* should be so terrible; Bolan has more than proved himself before, and perhaps that's it. He is quoted in *Star* (sort of a 16 or *Flip* for teenybop chicks who chew a lot of gum and also screw), in response to the question "Is it ever too much trouble being a star?", as saying "I don't do it for the money any more. I'm a millionaire... I don't feel I have to put up with anything



Marc Bolan

or pretend to be something that I'm not." Thus, he does an inspiringly awful stage show, and this is the first time his contempt for his audiences surfaces on a T.Rex album. The sequin-studded facade of the solid platinum elf boogling to the planets in a powder blue 1957 Mercury Turnpike Cruiser has been lifted, revealing T.Sex for the obnoxious little shlock-monger he apparently always was.

I never thought that I'd ever have to say such things about Marc Bolan, but in light of this LP, they're sadly true, and I know a lot of people who really dug T.Rex on the strength of the last two records are gonna run out and buy *Tanx* expecting more of the same. Don't. And to Marc Bolan, all I can say is: tanx for the memories...

[Led Zeppelin, continued from page 7]
that would put a speed-freak to sleep. And finally, "The Ocean." This song is built upon a riff, like "How Many More Times," "Whole Lotta Love," and "Heartbreaker" were built upon riffs. But this time around its a self-consciously awkward, clumsy riff, hard to hum or immitate on your friend's guitar; "The Ocean" sounds like nothing so much as somebody lampooning the Zep.
Houses Of the Holy sounds to me like some kind of a swansong for the band. And after the fine *Led Zeppelin IV* seemed to promise so much, this record, coming a year and a half later, is a supreme disappointment as well.

“What,
me funny?”

by Paul St. John
The Mad World of William Gaines is out in hardback. It is a book by Frank Jacobs, a writer for *Mad* magazine, which is the sole remaining *Entertaining Comic* (E.C. for me, see?); the last fabled jewel in what was once a crown, and then a crown of thorns: horror comic books.
What does all this mean to you? Simple. If you are a little older than I, say, 28, you have a fighting chance to remember the days before the sanitizing comic code, when the EC horror comics and their imitators swamped the newsstands. Before a psychiatrist wrote a book about corrupted innocence, they were the mainstay of the comic industry. Afterwards, they were the main reason for the bad image which comics still have today (they rot your brain, cause juvenile delinquency). These books featured cannibalism, sadism, and bloody heads severed from bloody bodies: all the good

stuff you can't get now unless you pay 75 cents for a black and white comic.
What does all this have to do with William Gaines and *Mad* magazine, some of you might be asking. Not all of you, because a non-trivial number of EC freaks know the whole story. Or think they do.
Because the *Mad World of William Gaines* really tells the whole story. It starts with the fumble fingered son of the originator of the modern comic book as a small lad watching his father build two different comic book empires. It shows an eccentric young man's development into a full-fledged oddball who owns more bottles of wine than he does pairs of pants, after the tragic death of his father in a boating accident.
In other words, it tells the story of the only man on the *Mad* staff who is as wacky as you would imagine they all are.
The story is told well, and brings in a lot of peripheral information that you may find of interest, if you have ever wondered how *Mad* is put out month after month, year after year. The crazy, world-spanning trips the entire crew make together (the trip to Japan my freshman year interfered with my chance to interview Gaines for another paper. "He's gone where? With who?"); the office ambience in a place where white wine may appear in the water cooler; the character behind the yoks and yecchhss in every issue.
Some of the peripheral topics also treated include: the birth of comic books, the birth of horror magazines, the birth of *Mad* and *Trump*, (and what happened to Harvey Kurtzman, as told by William Gaines), the defense of Alfred E. Newman, and why Jack Albert and his title "Lawsuit" always appears on the mast when almost everyone else is referred to as "the usual gang of idiots."
Its one of those inside peek type books that doesn't have much bad to say about the magazine or its wacky publisher (unless you dislike paternalism in principle). A few of the personal and institutional warts are allowed to show,

however, and that alone makes this book an unusual example of its genre. I wholeheartedly recommend it, in spite of the fact that I never buy hardbacks, and I don't imagine you do. But unless it sells well enough, it may never make paperback, and then a lot of people will miss it.

And on the 8th
note, He rested

by John Krout
Foxtrot — Genesis (Charisma)
There was a time, two years ago, when my favorite FM station in Washington would've played this album till the grooves were flat. That was when I first heard King Crimson's theme, Yes' "Starship Troopers," and the James Gang's magnificent uncut "The Bomber" — before soft-rock pushed the emerging classical fusion bands off the air. Now you can hear any "established" band on the FM, and any crap-laden single, but nobody takes a chance otherwise. Have you heard Genesis lately? I doubt it.
My first impression of Genesis was that there must be a King Crimson sound-alike contest raging somewhere. However, after a few days of listening to *Foxtrot* I think that's unfair to both bands. Genesis does use a mellotron, and their lyrics occasionally parallel (or parody) Crimson's mysticism, but that's the end of the similarity. Every musician in the band sounds quite competent; their simple melodies really turn your head around after a while. Perhaps their worst fault is simultaneous underdramatic music and overdramatic vocals — the vocals remind me strongly of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, although I can't figure out why — but this is just another way of saying they don't quite have it together in spots.
The overall sound is their own, and very hard to classify by the usual com-

parisons. The problem is akin to that of describing the first Emerson, Lake & Palmer album in terms of whatever else was going down at that time. No, Genesis doesn't sound like ELP, nor does it introduce talent of ELP dimensions, yet they are good enough at what they do — strange chords, strong rhythms, and attractive melodies, with a classical influence — to merit a chance to grow. So if you have the taste for an emerging fusion band, try planting your money in Genesis.

Cheerleaders —
“Gimme an F...”

by Gene Paul
Many wandering eyes were drawn to the ad for *The Cheerleaders* on the back page of a recent *The Tech*. At least it would seem so, judging from the SRO crowds at the Loew's Abbey Cinema for opening night, even after the 150 free sweatshirts were long gone.
“Let me tell you the difference between hard core and soft core,” an old man in the theater wheezed to me without being asked. He came dangerously close to spilling his hat on my raincoat, which was between us, as he said, “If you don't see it going in, its soft core.” (Yes, he really did put his hat on his head as he left.)
By his definition and mine, *Cheerleaders* is nothing to cheer about, hard-core-wise. There are tits and ass, and even naked males, but most of all there is good photography, sync sound, reasonable acting, a semblance of plot, and good clean fun. The puns were excruciating variations of “coming,” and virginity is such a dirty word that no one will say it. The women are sex objects, the men mechanical studs; but cardboard figures are for laughing at, not for analyzing. If you want to give him (or her) the hint, go see it.

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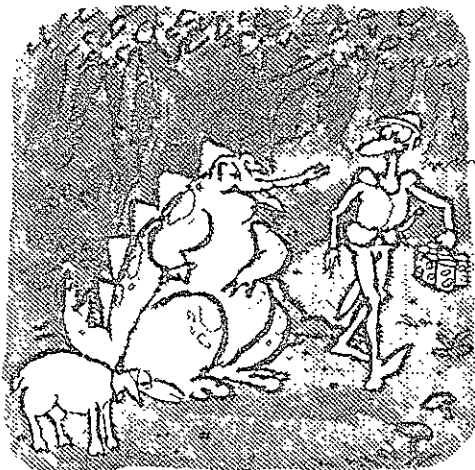
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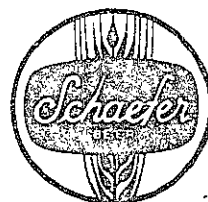
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MIT Corp. to hold election

By Paul Schindler

Anyone getting an MIT degree between January 1, 1971 and December 31, 1973 is eligible to change the course of Institute policy by voting for a Corporation member from a recent class. The Alumni Association supervises the election.

The new category of corporation members was created in 1971, in an effort to broaden the scope of the corporation. Five members are elected for five year terms, with one term expiring each year. Potential candidates are undergraduates who graduated during the period or grad students who finished their MIT work. The nominees must include at least one grad student and one undergraduate finishing their work this year,

and one student from each of the two prior graduating classes.

One of this year's candidates is former editor of *The Tech* Lee Giguere, who will be getting an SB in humanities this June. In his ballot statement, he noted that he has "spent more time in the last four years studying MIT than any other subject." The rest of his statement addresses itself to educational issues he feels the corporation should address itself to. There are five other candidates on the ballot: Arlene Fingeret '72 mentions employee issues and visiting committees; Shirley Ann Jackson '68 writes of a "unique perspective" she has gained as an undergraduate who is both black and a woman; Howard Siegel '72 addresses money and tenure (among other things); and James Wallace, a Ph.D. in Urban Studies, suggests a "socially responsible curriculum." Finally, there is Laurence Storch '71.

Storch wrote the longest statement of any of the six candidates, a stinging indictment of the makeup and policies of

the corporation. After describing the functions of the three most powerful committees, the executive, the financial and the membership (running the Institute, managing its finances and setting the corporation membership), he notes that none have recent class members on them, or are likely to. People have to speak out at the risk of incurring disfavor from powerful corporation members, he states.

The ballot, which has to be returned to the secretary of the Alumni Association by May 15, explains the purpose of the Corporation. It represents the interest of the public in the operation of the Institute, and serves in a "fiduciary capacity as trustee of a privately controlled public trust." Members of the corporation, according to the pamphlet, "should be able to exercise sound judgement on a broad range of policy questions transcending the interests of individuals or groups." Or, as Storch put it, the functions of most corporation members are "general and ceremonial."



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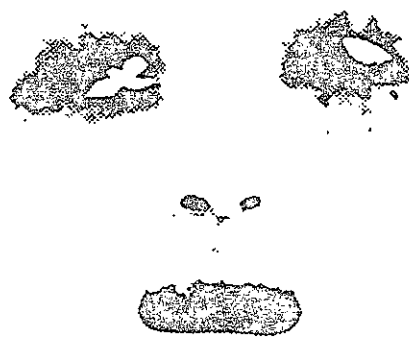
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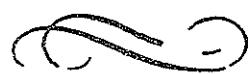
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Housing and dining rates set

By James Moody
The Rate Review Committee has finished setting next year's housing and dining rates. Average housing increases will be 8.3% (\$56), and dining rates will go up about 9.1% (\$60). The committee continued to develop the "house-cost, system-cost" structure set up last year.

The apportionment of the dining hall residence fee was changed slightly. Overall, the average charge for a student on commons will increase from \$1377 to \$1498 (8.8%), and for a student off commons, it will go from \$728 to \$783 (7.6%).

The committee was formed last fall, and includes representatives from all the undergraduate dorms, the Dean for Student Affairs Office, and the Campus Housing and Food Service Office. Ashdown, Bexley, Eastgate, Westgate, and Westgate II were not included in the Committee's recommendations, since they are budgeted separately. The rates for these houses have been reviewed by other groups.

Housing costs
Until last year, the rate structure was largely a historical one, with yearly budget increases being averaged equally over all residents. This resulted in a leveling of rents, and in an extreme case, the newly remodeled Burton rooms cost less than many Baker rooms. Because of the growing inequities, and a need to establish a formal rate structure, the Rate Review process was set up for the first time last year. According to the committee report, the goal of this process is "to develop a rate structure that is fair and understandable." Last year, the committee came up with a rent composed of two parts, a "house cost" which reflects expenses benefiting a particular house and a "system cost" which is composed of expense items common to the entire housing system. This concept was continued this year, and will be in the future.

This year, one of the committee's initial steps was to look at the overall housing budget. The group went through a lengthy analysis of the increases, and explored possible areas where savings could be made. The entire budgeting process has been in a state of change, due both to inflation and a more precise allocation of costs. The Housing Office emphasized that "while changes are likely to continue in the future, our understanding of line item costs has increased as well as our ability to budget them."

The budget item totals are presented in Table 1. The changes from year to year reflect inflation and reallocation from one item to another. The one major change in this "Consolidated System" budget since last year is the removal of Ashdown House, in the future to be accounted separately. This is being done at the time of the renovations. The other graduate dorms and Bexley are all handled under a separate budget.

The major areas of change from the current budget to the proposed budget are:

1. Telephone expenses, from \$7900 to \$22,000. This first year on Centrex was found to be underbudgeted, due to equipment and message units.
2. Physical Plant charges, from \$59,000 to \$65,000. The Housing Office has had some poor budgeting experience in

incorrectly classified in last year's analysis. House costs reflect items that are unique benefits to a particular house, which can to some extent be controlled by that particular house. System costs either reflect an equal level of service to all, or are expenses which cannot be divided up by houses.

House costs last year were heat, water, electricity, and desk

recommended no increase in summer rents, partially because these are already relatively high, but also in an attempt to encourage more students to stay on campus during the summer.

It was hoped this year that the system would only have to be "fine tuned," after the major changes of last year. But, this year, there were major changes in the system itself, such as

undesirability of commons is the physical damage done to dorms without kitchen facilities (Baker, East Campus, and Senior House). The plumbing, wiring, ventilation, and surfaces in these dorms were not designed for cooking.

The committee studied several alternatives to the current food service. The system currently offers a five-day, 15-meal plan, a la carte service, and meal tickets. Here are the alternatives studied:

1. Seven-day, 10-meal. The costs of this plan were projected for Baker and MacGregor on both an optional and compulsory basis. It was the general feeling, based in part on information from the residents, that any compulsory plan is undesirable. Because of the high fixed costs of labor, especially over the weekend shifts, an optional seven-day commons plan would be too expensive. For these reasons, the plan was rejected.

2. "Tri-option" Plan. The committee also looked at the alternative of having an "optional something" for a house. Each resident would be required to choose one of the following plans: a. seven-day, 19-meals @ \$950. b. five-day, 15-meals @ \$700. c. "Club Plan," where meals would be offered at a reduced price, with all remaining residents paying a lump sum covering the fixed costs of operating the dining hall. (Based on information gathered by the committee, few people would opt for either "a" or "b" - this would mean a "club plan" fee of from \$200 to \$400. This high fee made the "tri-option" plan unacceptable.)

3. Weekend plan, four meals. The committee then looked at a weekend plan to be offered in one house, and drawing on the rest of the campus for its support. This plan was quickly discarded due to the high cost of staffing the weekend operation with the expected low participation.

After exploring other less definite alternatives, the committee returned to the current five-day, 15-meal plan. This still seems to be the most acceptable and economically feasible option, even though costs continue to spiral upward. The biggest problem with the current system is the dining hall residence fee and its structure.

4. In setting the contract price, the committee considered the percentage increase over the current price (\$600), and the result of possible over-pricing the contract for the current market with a resulting loss of sales, and the participation level projected at different sales prices. The appropriate price appeared to be \$720, an increase of 9.1%.

The a la carte system has many problems which make it extremely difficult to budget and control. The projected deficit was larger than could reasonably be recovered through residence fees. The fee in East Campus and Senior House was set equal to that in Burton and McCormick, \$40, since these four houses receive an equivalent level of commons services and options.

In summary, the Committee recommended that the commons price be increased by \$60 to \$720, that the residence fee in East Campus and Senior House be increased by \$10 to \$40, that the residence fee in Burton and McCormick remain at \$40, and that the residence fee for Baker and MacGregor be changed from \$55, \$85 to \$60, \$75.

	Baker	Burton	East Campus	Senior House	McCormick	MacGregor
BASIC COSTS	\$7,100	\$19,500	\$10,400	\$5,300	\$18,800	\$20,700
Electricity	---	400	100	100	400	600
Water	2,900	2,300	3,500	1,800	1,300	2,300
Vending Income	(1,300)	(400)	(900)	(500)	(500)	(400)
Misc. Income	(300)	(1,300)	(300)	(100)	(4,600)	(1,300)
Faculty Adj.	(500)	(2,600)	(400)	(500)	(1,400)	(3,500)
Total Basic Cost (\$)	\$7,900	\$17,900	\$12,400	\$6,100	\$14,000	\$18,400
Total Basic Cost (\$/Person)	23	52	33	31	59	57

past years. In 1972, \$41,600 was budgeted, while actual expenditures totaled \$72,800. This year's budget will be overspent by about \$5000. By increasing control and supervision over these services, Housing hopes to keep actual expenses down to the present level.

3. Repairs and maintenance, from \$35,400 to \$43,100. This is also due to poor budgeting, with the increased amount representing a more realistic figure.

4. Major maintenance provision, from \$92,400 to \$138,700. While this is a sizable increase, it actually reflects less provision. The Housing Office took out a \$170,000 interest-free loan from MIT to help buffer a larger-than-expected increase last year. This is being repaid with \$20,000 in 1972, \$40,000 in 1973, 1974, and 1975, and \$30,000 in 1976. The provisions for the last two years have been \$171,150, and \$177,400, but for next year, with no loan income, the provision will be only \$139,700. The rents probably should have been higher in the years when the houses were new, and not in need of major repair, to help cover present and future maintenance needs. The Housing Office is in the process of developing a major maintenance plan for a ten year period, so as to better anticipate and budget for even greater future need.

5. Heat, from \$144,000 to \$174,000. Budgets in this area have been somewhat unrealistic in the past, with a \$20,250 underestimate last year. Also, oil costs have recently more than tripled, which accounts for most of the increase.

6. Total administration, from \$139,200 to \$174,700. Most of this increase is accounted for by reallocating costs from the total housekeeping budget (down from \$334,500 to \$315,800). Salaries for supervisors and extended sick leave allowances were moved into the administrative budget.

One of the other items taken up early in the committee's discussion was the "house-cost, system-cost" concept. Although the committee felt the concept was reasonable, some items were

service. This year, heat was made a system cost, since the committee felt that all residents were entitled to be equally warm. Refrigerator permits (\$10) were discontinued, due to the inequity of providing some residents with refrigerators, and charging other residents, who must buy their own refrigerators anyway. Gas was added as a house cost, as were credits for vending and miscellaneous income.

Both years included an adjustment for faculty and graduate resident rent applied to house costs. Therefore, house costs now include water, electricity, desk service, credits for miscellaneous income, and a portion of faculty rent. System costs include all other budget items.

Table 2 shows the house cost breakdown for each dormitory. One of the advantages of the separation of costs is that an individual dorm can save on next year's rent by saving on current usage of water and electricity, for example. Burton's electricity cost went down \$10,000 this year. Part of this saving, now applied to their rent, can be attributed to their "lights out" campaign.

A given house's rent is the sum of the house cost per resident and the differential system cost. The problem of allocating a specific house's portion of the system cost was the most difficult task faced by the committee, since deciding on a "fair" differential is largely a subjective matter.

The first step was to find a means of rating each house. The goal, as stated in the committee report, was "to find a rank order from the 'best' house to the 'worst' house based on the facility itself (not the lifestyle)." After considerable discussion, three items of primary importance emerged, to which were assigned numeric scales. These were location (rated 1-6), net usable area/resident (scaled 1-10), and judged quality (rated 1-18). Judged quality is a composite of factors such as privacy, kitchen facilities, furnishings, date of occupancy, and a purely subjective overall quality rating.

Two things accepted by the committee were that the scale was not necessarily linear, and that Senior House should have an adjustment downward (\$5-10) due to the nuisance of having a construction project next door. The final outcome was differentials of \$20, \$20, and \$110 per year, relative to the Senior House base. The Committee did recognize that setting these differentials is somewhat arbitrary, and recommended a further study of the differential idea for next year's rate review.

The Committee

switching heat to a system cost, and improving the budgeting process. In addition to the rents, the committee made the following recommendations:

1. "Continue to study Physical Plant charges and utility costs in an attempt to make savings and increase our understanding of these areas." Some suggestions from the committee included using students wherever possible, and finding ways to increase the efficiency of some of Physical Plant's work teams.

2. "Study and develop the 'Quality Differential' and differential range." Both of these items are extremely subject to individual opinion, and hopefully some more objective means of setting the differentials can be found. Specifically, the committee felt that the differential range should be widened. This was not done this year because it was felt that MacGregor was facing a large enough increase as it stands now. (MacGregor got a rent break in last year's review process due to the oversight of omitting the area in the tower.)

3. "In conjunction with item 2, adjust the system cost differential between groups to realign East Campus."

4. "Encourage students to remain in the dormitories for the summer instead of living off-campus." This will help the housing system financially, and the committee believes that a worthwhile program can be developed.

Food service

The food service has historically been divided into two parts, the contract houses (Baker and MacGregor) and the a la carte system (Walker Memorial and the Student Center). This year, these systems were still considered separately, both from each other, and from housing. There was, however, some sentiment on the committee for considering housing and dining as one total package, with one combined differential cost structure. This will be studied further next year.

Commons meals are currently in an unstable situation. Even since the decision was made three years ago to allow for voluntary commons, the number of students on commons has been steadily declining. This has not only forced the price up, especially in comparison with cooking for oneself, but it has forced the closing of the McCormick and Burton dining halls. This particularly distressed the Committee, since it cost considerable money to build these facilities, and they formed an integral part of the dorm programs.

For sociological reasons, MIT has felt that house dining halls, with all the house residents eating in them, are desirable. Another problem with the growing

Consolidated Housing System Budget - FY1974

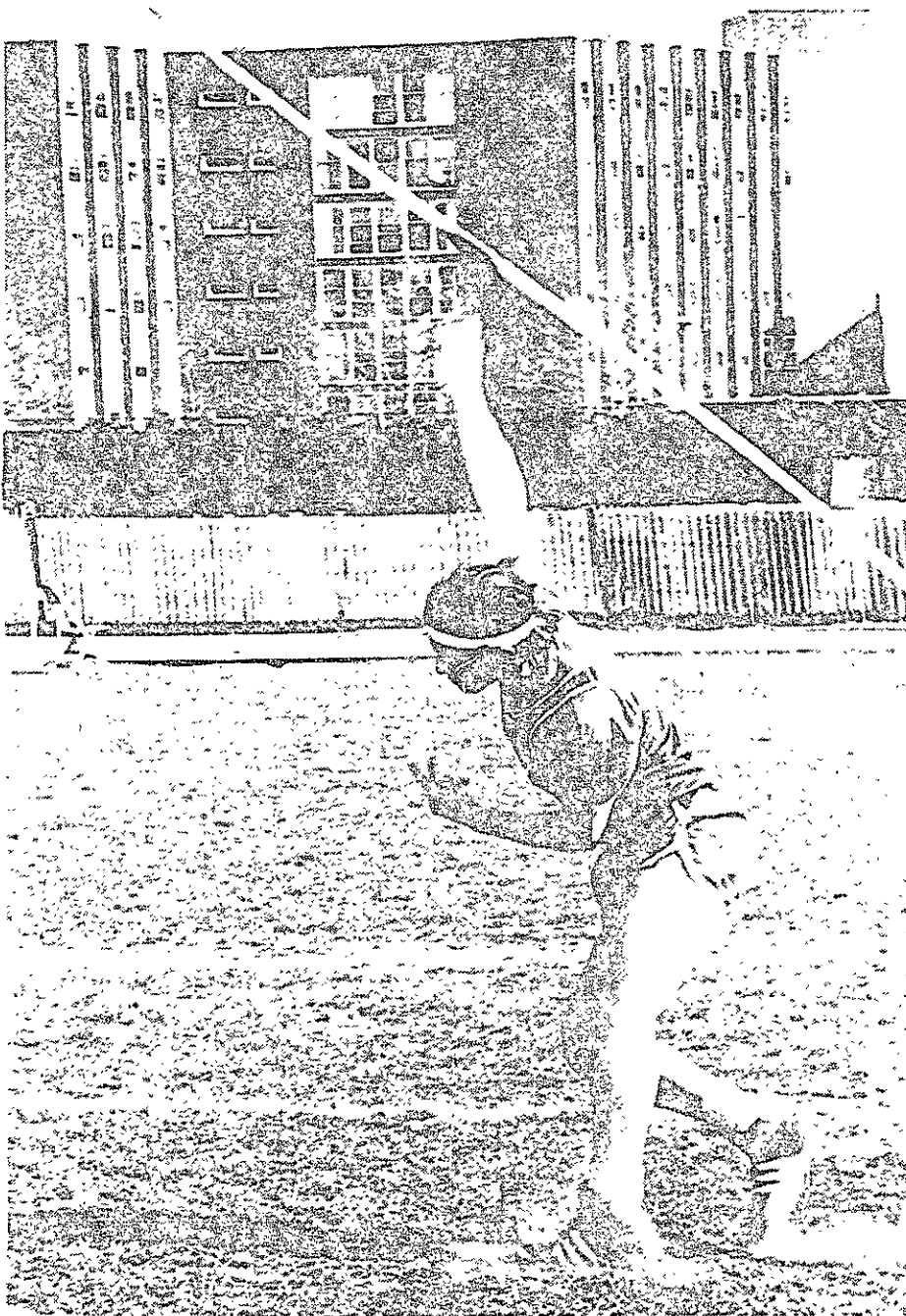
INCOME	\$1,691,100
EXPENSES	
Housekeeping	315,800
Student Services	104,800
Plant Operations & Maint.	835,900
Administration	174,700
Unbudgeted Expenses	21,700
Financial Charges ¹	238,200
TOTAL EXPENSES	\$1,691,100
PROFIT (LOSS)	0

¹Includes repayment to the operating reserve.

MIT destroys Bowdoin 92-62



Co-captain Brian Moore '73 was MIT's leading scorer on Saturday, as he picked up firsts in the hammer throw, the discus, and the shot put.



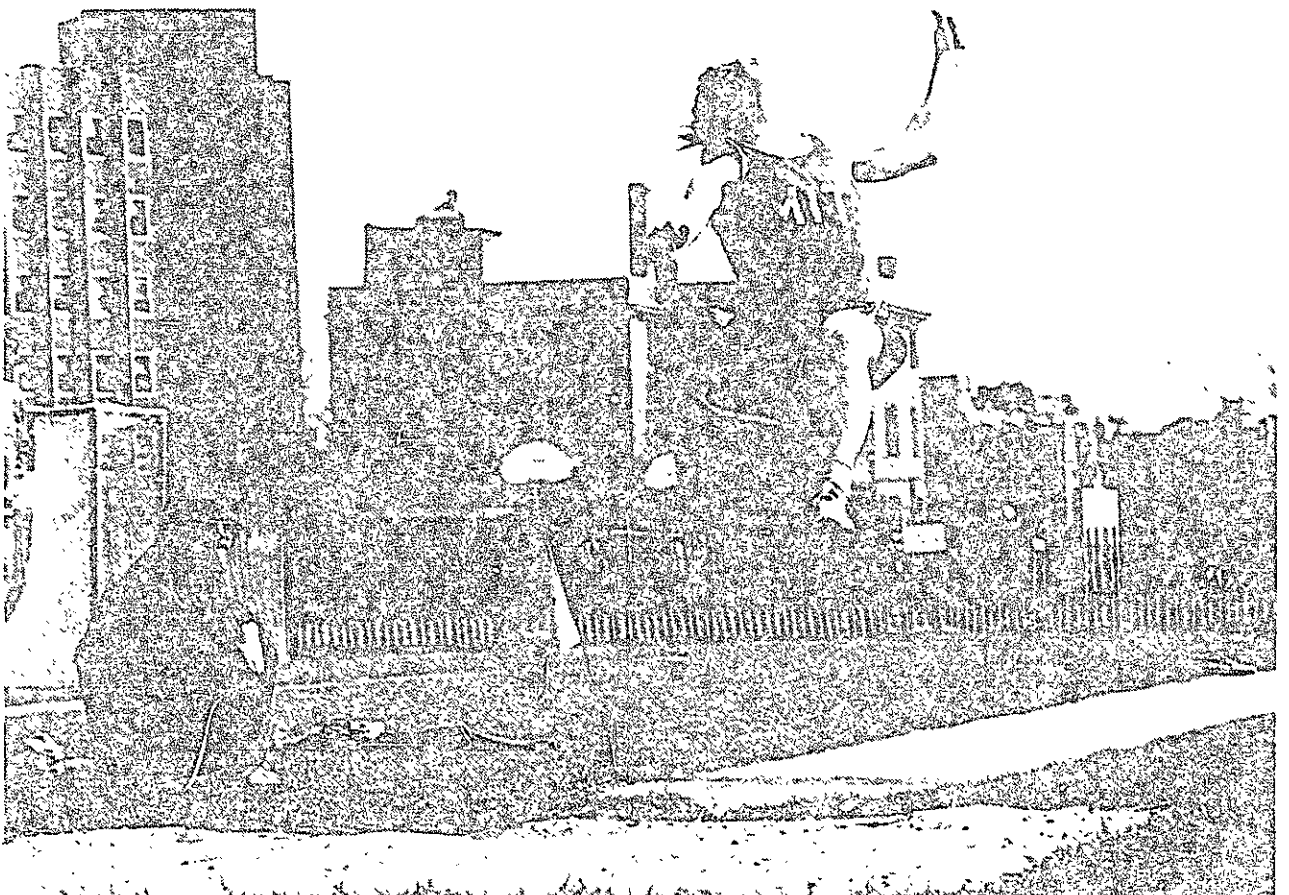
Mike Charette looks to do well in the New England competition, if his 205'11" javelin toss is any indication of his throwing skill.



Mike Ryan '75 won the triple jump event with a leap of 41'10".



MIT had a clean sweep of the 100 yard dash, as Gary 'Sugar Bear' Wilkes '75 placed first at 10.4, George Chiesa '74 second at 10.7, and Jim Banks '76 at 11.0.



Dave Wilson '73, first in the pole vault (15'), second in the high jump (5'8"), and second in the long jump (20'9½").

*Photos by Roger Goldstein
and Fred Hutchison*

Sports

MIT sailors win NE qualifying races

The principal regattas on the MIT varsity sailing schedule for last weekend were qualifying heats for both the New England Dinghy Championships and the New England Singlehanded Championships.

On Saturday, captain Alan Spoon '73, with Dean Kross '73 crewing, and Steve Cucchiaro '74, with Bob Longair '73 crewing, sailed to a victory in the Boston University Trophy Regatta at Tufts, and qualified for the New England finals, to be sailed at Yale on May 5 and 6. Both Spoon and Cucchiaro placed first in their respective divisions, as the MIT squad edged out runner-up Boston University by a narrow one-point margin. Cucchiaro won three of the four races in B-Division.

Results of the regatta were: MIT 18, Boston University 19, Coast Guard 29, Boston College 31, Northeastern 31, New Hampshire 49, Bowdoin and Babson 60.

In the eliminations for the Singlehandeds on Sunday, Kevin Sullivan '73, Cucchiaro, and Chuck Tucker '75 qualified and will advance to the finals on May 12 and 13 at MIT.

On Saturday, Tucker and Randy Young '74, with Sullivan and Jeff Friedman '75 crewing, respectively, sailed to a disappointing fifth place finish in a Lark Invitational at MIT. Results were: Tufts 13, Harvard 20, Coast Guard 26, Brown 31, and MIT 31.

The women's varsity squad competed in two Dinghy Invitationals, at Stonehill on Saturday and at BU on Sunday. Penny Butler '75 and Barbara Migliarina '76 sailed in heavy winds Saturday on Padanarum Harbor. Results after four races in the one-division event were: Salem State 9, Stonehill and Simmons (tie) 15, Boston University 21, and MIT 21.

Tracksters beat Bowdoin

A warm and windy Saturday, April 21, saw the MIT varsity track squad take firsts in all events except the distance running and long jump to beat Bowdoin 92-62. Following are the results of the individual events:

Hammer Throw		
Moore MIT	185'5"	
Pearson MIT	171'5"	
Healey Bow	163'2"	
Discus Throw		
Moore MIT	156'10"	
Waithe Bow	135'4"	
Grasso MIT	132'8"	
Shot Put		
Moore MIT	49'6 3/4"	
Leavitt Bow	48'7 1/2"	
Waithe Bow	43'4 1/2"	
Javelin Throw		
Charette MIT	205'11"	
Totman Bow	160'1"	
Blackburn Bow	158'5"	
Long Jump		
Dalton Bow	20'9 3/4"	
Wilson MIT	20'9 1/2"	
Wilkes MIT	19'10"	
Triple Jump		
Ryan MIT	41'10"	
Gay Bow	41'2 3/4"	
Getchell Bow	40'2 1/2"	
High Jump		
Gibbons MIT	5'10"	
Wilson MIT	5'8"	
Ryan MIT	5'4"	
Pole Vault		
Wilson MIT	15'	
Littlehale Bow	13'6"	
Stamp Bow	12'6"	

400 Yd. Relay		
MIT	43.8	
(Borden, Chiesa, Banks, Wilkes)		
Bow	46.1	
120 Yd. High Hurdles		
Wesson MIT	16.7	
Getchell Bow	17.0	
Fecteau Bow	19.5	

440 Int. Hurdles		
Leimkuhler MIT		
Getchell Bow	58.4	
Fecteau Bow	62.3	

100 Yd. Dash		
Wilkes MIT	10.4	
Chiesa MIT	10.7	
Banks MIT	11.0	

220 Yd. Dash		
Wilkes MIT	22.9	
Chiesa MIT	23.3	
Dunn Bow	23.4	

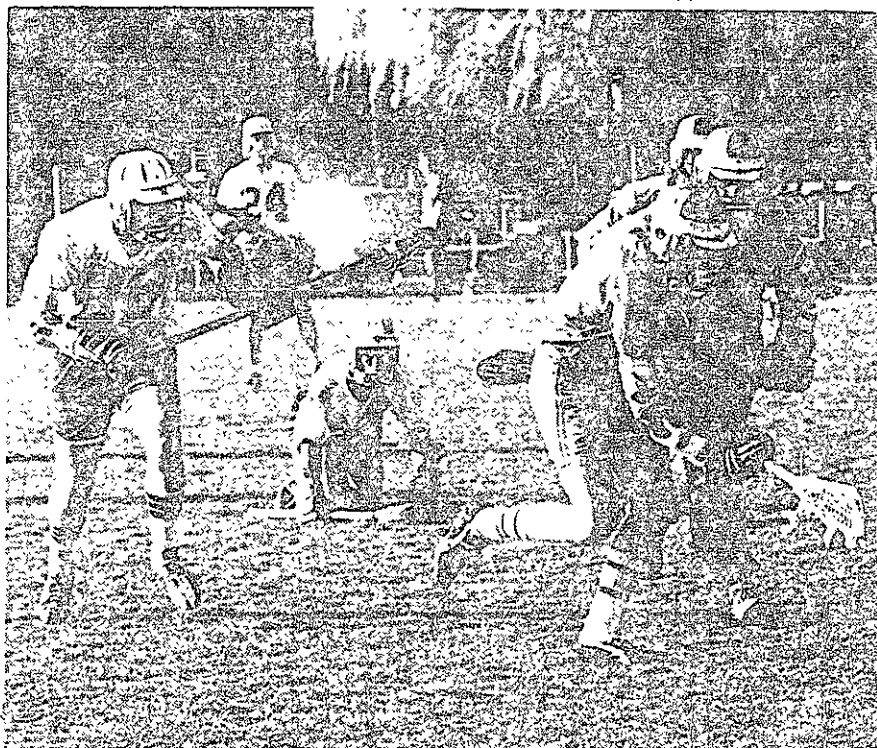
440 Yd. Dash		
Borden MIT	50.7	
Dunn Bow	51.7	
Dalton Bow	52.9	

880 Yd. Run		
Sanborn Bow	1:59.4	
Sampsidis Bow	1:59.8	
Hansen MIT	2:00.1	

1-Mile Run		
Sanborn Bow	4:19.9	
Wilson Bow	4:21.2	
Kaufmann MIT	4:22.8	

2-Mile Run		
Davis Bow	9:47.2	
Wilson Bow	9:47.8	
Carlson MIT	9:53.0	

1-Mile Relay		
MIT	3:28.3	
(Banks, Ryan, Hansen, Leimkuhler)		
Bow	3:29.0	



The varsity lacrosse squad just can't seem to get out their present slump as they lost to UNH on Wednesday by a score of 16-6.

Golf squad fourth in GBCAA tourney

MIT golfers, their games steadily improving as the season moves toward a close, take on Bowdoin and Lowell Tech today at Vesper Country Club in Tyngsboro, Mass.

Although they have beaten only Wesleyan during the regular campaign (plus twin wins over Florida Institute of Technology during an early spring tour), Coach Jack Barry's MIT men have faced some of New England's best collegiate golfers and their steady improvement has been obscured by losses, albeit by narrow margins.

A week ago at MIT's home course in Methuen, MIT turned in an outstanding team score of 407 for the five lowest men, only to lose to Williams with 385. MIT's five lowest players were Bob Keeth '73 and Jim Harrison '74 at 80s, Gordon Deen '74 at 81 and Warren Sherman '73 and Bob Orloff

with 83s. Williams, always a power, however, had four of five men in the 70s, including two former state junior champions.

Earlier this week, MIT placed fourth in the Greater Boston Collegiate Athletic Association tourney at Concord Country Club, ahead of Northeastern, Brandeis and Boston University, but behind Harvard, Tufts and BC. Deen was MIT's tourney medalist with a two-round 167, followed by Keeth at 168, Pete Wolczanski '76 at 171 and Harrison and Orloff with 177 each.

Next week, MIT players will be in the three-day New England Collegiate Tourney at Lincoln, R.I., then finish the season the next week with a dual meet against Brandeis and a triangular meet against Harvard and Trinity.

MIT RFC defeats Concord

By Jacques Rotte

The MIT rugby football team met an inspired Concord (N.H.) club Saturday but were unstoppable as they continued undefeated by the score 30-7.

Moments after the opening whistle, Bill Schwartz, wing, zig-zagged his way to the Concord ten where instead of rushing in goal, he opted to attack the only remaining defender. In the melee that followed, center Mike Ross scooped up the ball and scored in the corner.

Concord stormed back with a try of their own and then broke the tie with a penalty kick which put the Tech XV behind for the first time this season, 7-4. For some fifteen minutes MIT played as if in a trance with poor cross field coverage, bobbled passes, and knock ons on easy-to-field kicks. Then scrappy

fly-half Dennis Sullivan took advantage of confusion in the loose to scoot across for MIT's second try. Lynn Breedlove converted and the MIT team led 10-7. The forwards warmed to the task and before the half was over fed Don Arkin, center, the ball from a maul and he carried it the remaining forty yards for a classic try-between-the-posts. Breedlove again converted and it was 16-7 at the half.

The "Ineffectual Play of the Forwards" was the topic of a brief but poignant half-time sermon by acting Captain Barry McCormick with amens by Captain Roger Simmonds (injured) and Coach Bill Thilly (retired). The result of all this exhortation was a second half played by the scrum. Mike Petruziello of MIT's second row discovered the ball in a cloud of dust in the goal for

the squad's next try. Bachelor Wayne Book whose wedding next Saturday in the MIT chapel will cost the team his services for a day (unless the bride relents) pulled a classic wing-forward move scoring after intercepting a pass between Concord's scrum half and fly half. Sergio Simunovic playing at lock broke several tackles and took the ball to the Concord inch and a half line from whence the somewhat taller Paul Dwyer stretched out to score the last try of the day. Breedlove converted and the final score was MIT 30, Concord 7.

This weekend the University of Rhode Island RFC will be hosted at Brigg's Field in what promises to be yet another action-packed contest as MIT presses its new found offensive power. Game time is 1:30 pm.

Tennis drops four matches

By Ken Davis

The MIT tennis team continued to play inconsistently, and consequently dropped its last four matches to Wesleyan, Boston College, UMass, and Williams. The loss to BC was the first in the history of MIT tennis.

The only consistent winner for the Tech netmen has been William Young '74 on the first court. The tennis squad's record is now 3-6 in New England competition. This is essentially the same team that racked up a 7-6 New England record last spring.

According to Young, the squad was hoping for a big victory over UMass, whom they defeated last year. Despite strong efforts by Young and

Kevin Struhl '74, the score wound up 6-3 in the other direction. Struhl on fourth court played one of his best matches of the year, winning 7-6 and 6-0. Young defeated Ted Donahue 6-3, 6-2, and combined with Lee Simpson '75 to win first doubles.

Part of the team's trouble at UMass was the unusually hard courts. This excuse, however, was unavailable for the disappointing 6-3 loss to Williams at home last Saturday.

Young battled back to win his first court match over Dick Small after losing an exciting open set 7-6. Young fell behind 2-0 in the tiebreaker by returning Small's first two serves into the bottom of the net, then rallied back to tie 3-3. Small

cleanly blasted back Young's first serve to go ahead, then watched as the MIT captain hit a shot that rolled along the top of the net before falling on Young's side, giving Small the set. Young bounced back to win the next two sets 6-1 and 6-3 to take the match.

Ted Zouros '74 played a fine second court match as he defeated Pete Talbert, son of the former tennis great Bill Talbert, 6-1 and 7-6. Young and Simpson also won their doubles match from Stuart Brown and Bob Eisenstein by 7-6 and 6-4, in one of the more exciting matches of the season.

The varsity netmen meet Trinity at home tomorrow at 2 pm and Brandeis away on Monday.

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